

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

No. 1171

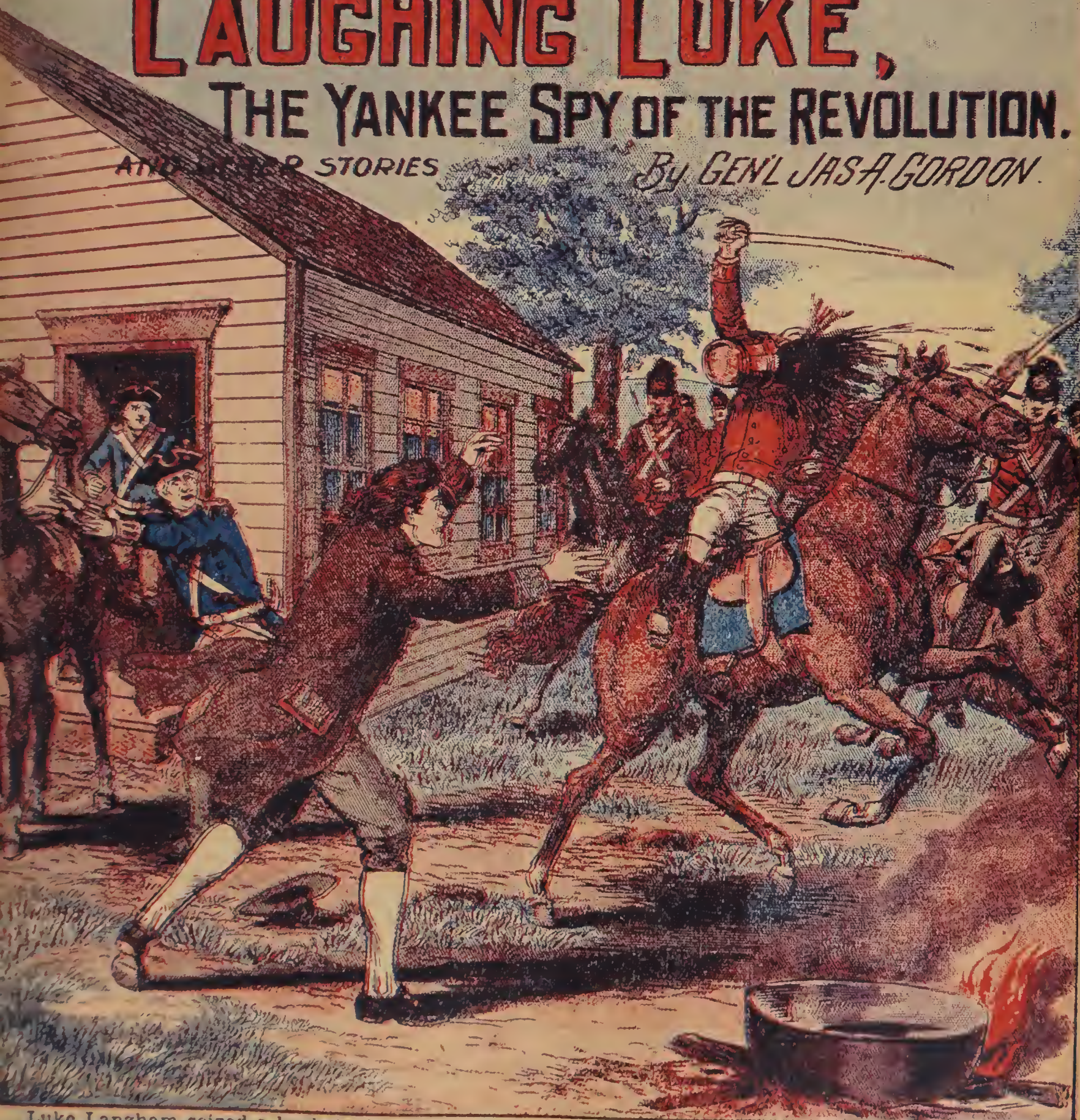
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1920.

Price 7 Cents

## LAUGHING LUKE, THE YANKEE SPY OF THE REVOLUTION.

AND OTHER STORIES

By GEN'L JAS. A. GORDON.



Luke Langham seized a bucket of fresh pine tar which he found by the side of the house and hurled it with such force at the head of the foremost dragoon, who proved to be a captain, as to knock him senseless.





# PLUCK AND LUCK

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1171.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1920.

Price 7 cents.

## Laughing Luke

### THE YANKEE SPY OF THE REVOLUTION

By GEN. JAS. A. GORDON

#### CHAPTER I.—The Spy.

On the 26th of March, 1779, General Putnam was encamped at Greenwich, Connecticut, with a detachment of American troops, as a guard of protection to that part of the country. Everybody in Connecticut knew the old hero, and felt that as long as he was in their midst they had little to fear. The main body of the army under General Washington were encamped at Middlebrook, New Jersey, waiting for the breaking up of winter to resume active operations against the enemy. The British commander had his headquarters in New York City, whence he sent out marauding expeditions to harass and plunder the patriots along the New England seacoast. General Putnam was on the lookout for such foraging and plundering expeditions every day, ready to move in any direction at any moment to give the patriots aid in repelling the invaders.

On the morning—very early—of the 26th of March, the day our story opens, General Putnam was in his quarters in consultation with the officers of his command, when the officer of the guard entered with a file of soldiers guarding a prisoner.

"General," said the officer, saluting his commander, "here's a fellow whom we caught out near the picket line."

He was a young man of three or four and twenty years of age, with a very solemn cast of countenance, and with little or no beard at all. In the matter of dress he was rather odd-looking, having on a long coat, which had evidently done good service for a much larger and taller man before it rested upon his back. On his head he wore a slouch hat, much the worse for wear, while a pair of old army shoes and corduroy pants completed the tout ensemble of his attire.

"Who are you, sir?" the general asked, when he had finished his inspection of him.

"Luke Laugham," quietly replied the prisoner.

"Luke Laugham," repeated the general, as if recalling some forgotten memory. "Who is Luke Laugham?"

"A full-blooded Yankee patriot, sir."

"You are, eh? Well, where do you live, Mr. Laugham?"

"I live wherever I go, general, and——"

"Where do you hail from now?" interrupted the old general quickly.

"From New York last, and——"

"When did you leave New York?"

"Last night, sir."

A change instantly came over the old hero. He glanced quickly around the room at each officer present, and then rising, said:

"Follow me," and passed through a door that opened into another room.

Luke quietly followed him, and the door closed behind them. General Putnam wheeled on him with:

"I know you now, though we have never met before. You are Luke Laugham, the patriot spy, are you not?"

"Yes, general," and Luke took off his hat in the presence of the old hero.

"Ah, I thought so; I am glad to see you," and the brave old general shook his hand warmly. "But what brought you here? I thought you were on the other side of the river with the commander-in-chief?"

"I came to warn you of your danger, general."

"Danger! What danger?"

"Tryon left Kingsbridge last night with fifteen hundred British and Hessians, to destroy the salt works at Horseneck," said Luke, in a very quiet tone of voice.

General Putnam seemed thunderstruck.

"Are you sure of what you say?" he asked.

"I am, general, as sure as I am in your presence at this moment."

"Then I must put my men in motion at once, and——"

Bang—bang—bang! went a whole platoon of musketry at once on the outside, some distance off, and the next moment fugitives came flying by headquarters, scattering in every direction, yelling:

"The British—the British!"

"Too late—too late!" muttered Luke, shaking his head.

Putnam's eyes flashed fire as he looked to his pistols.

"General—general!" cried a staff officer, bursting into the room, "we are surprised by the enemy—the troops are flying before them!"

"Mount and rally them!" commanded the old hero, rushing out of the room, his eyes blazing with the light of battle.

Several horses were in the little yard in the rear of headquarters, among them the general's. There was a rush for the horses, and only about half were in the saddle when a troop of British dragoons rushed down upon them.

"Surrender, you rebels!" they cried.

"Never!" yelled several of the patriot officers,



and in a moment they were all mixed up in a general melee.

Half a dozen dragoons made a dash to capture or cut down the old general, and would have succeeded in their design had not Luke Laugham seized a bucket of fresh pine tar, which he found by the side of the house, and hurled it with such force at the head of the foremost of the dragoons, who proved to be a captain, as to knock him senseless to the ground and scatter tar all over the others.

"Whoop! Hooray for General Washington and the Continental Congress!" yelled Luke, springing into the saddle which the captain had tumbled from.

"Blast my h'eyes!" roared a big sergeant, his face, beard, and brilliant uniform almost covered with the tar, "the cowardly rebels are shooting tar at us!"

"Yes!" yelled another, almost suffocated by the tar, "they've tarred the king's men—blast 'em!"

"Dig out, general!" cried Luke to General Putnam, as soon as he saw him well in the saddle; "no more ammunition—tar all gone."

Notwithstanding the danger that menaced him, General Putnam burst out laughing at the ludicrous appearance of the tarred dragoons. A volley of bullets would not have disconcerted them half so much as did that bucket of pine tar. But he saw that resistance was useless, so he put spurs to his horse and dashed away. A troop of dragoons instantly made hot pursuit. They must have known him as the officer in command, for they dashed past other patriots in their wild desire to capture the brave old hero. The dragoons pushed Putnam hard, and at last he found himself on the hill in front of the church, with only one avenue of escape open to him. That was down a long flight of stone steps cut in the face of the hill for the convenience of people who attended church from that direction. To dismount and attempt the descent on foot would be either certain capture or death. On rushed the dragoons with triumphant yells. The old hero flashed upon them one defiant look, and then put spurs to his horse. The gallant steed made a plunge—a flying leap—and went down the long stone steps with thunderous rattle of his iron hoofs. The dragoons dashed up to the head of the flight of steps at full speed, but recoiled with horror from going farther. It seemed madness to do so. Yet the gallant steed of Putnam thundered on to the bottom, bearing his master unharmed, though a score of bullets were sent after him.

"Ha, ha, ha—good for you, general!" roared Luke, as the old veteran dashed past him.

"Follow me!" sternly ordered the general, and Luke put out after him at a breakneck speed, leaving the dumfounded dragoons on the top of the hill firm believers in the opinion that Putnam bore a charmed life. Luke overtook Putnam after a brisk ride of a mile or two. The old hero had stopped to order some of his stragglers to hurry to Stamford.

"Gather at Stamford," he cried, "and we'll whip 'em there! Come, Luke, ride across those fields there and tell every man of 'em to rally at Stamford at once. We'll catch those fellows there and teach 'em a lesson they won't soon forget!"

Putting his horse to his full speed, Luke dashed off across the fields on the right, clearing

stone fences and ditches with an ease that astonished him. Dashing up to a lot of flying patriots, Luke cried out:

"General Putnam says meet him at Stamford and he'll whip 'em yet!"

"Stamford! Stamford!" was the cry that ran from mouth to mouth, and the retreating patriots turned in that direction.

## CHAPTER II.—Putnam Laughs.

In the afternoon a sufficient number of the patriots and sturdy farmers had rallied around the old hero at Stamford to enable him to present a show of fight to the enemy. Putnam was here, there and everywhere, encouraging his men.

"Stand firm, men!" he cried, "and we'll whip 'em yet! We'll soon have as many men as they have, and then we'll give 'em such a thrashing that they'll never want to see old Connecticut again."

How those old Yankee farmers crowded around Putnam, many of them in their shirtsleeves, just as they left their fields, with their old squirrel rifles, powder horns and bullet pouches, begging him to lead them on against the invaders. Luke got an old musket and went into the ranks, leaving his horse with a farmer's daughter to take care of. Putnam rallied the patriots and pursued the enemy as he tried to escape from the vicinity with his plunder. He forced them to fight and run, capturing considerable property from them, together with thirty-eight prisoners. In the fight Luke met one of the dragoons with a well-tarred uniform on.

"Halloo, old tar-bucket!" he yelled, aiming a blow at him with his clubbed musket. "Get off that horse and fight like a man!"

"Take that, you blarsted rebel!" cried the red-coat, aiming a furious blow at him with his sword.

Luke caught the descending weapon on his musket. It shivered to pieces, whereupon he dealt the Briton a blow on the head that felled him to the ground. The British and Hessians retreated toward New York, continually harassed by the militia and the troops of Putnam. Night alone saved them from utter annihilation. Putnam encamped that night near Stamford, where he concentrated his force. As Luke was passing through the camp he was halted by a captain, who ordered two soldiers to take him before the general, where he charged him with being a spy, on account of having had trouble with him in the morning. Putnam looked at Luke.

"A spy, eh?" he said, looking first at Luke and then at the captain. "Well, if he is, then he'll swing high enough on proof being established. What do you know about it, captain?"

"Why, general, I found him riding about the fields this morning on a horse with a British officer's saddle, telling the men that you said we must rally at Stamford. I called him a spy, and seized the reins. But he made his horse run me down, trampling me underfoot, and escaped across the fields. I met him sneaking through the camp to-night and arrested him."

"I told him to tell the men to rally at Stamford," said Putnam quietly.



The captain stared with amazement. He looked at Luke, then at the brave old general and the officers around him.

"I—I—I've made a mistake, then," he stammered.

"You ought to have known better, captain, seeing that he told the truth about the rally, as we all did rally and gave the enemy some good blows."

During this conversation Luke kept a solemn countenance that would have well fitted a man of threescore and ten. But when the general spoke of giving the enemy good blows, he gave a quiet chuckle that produced a broad grin all around the room. There was something in his laugh that was contagious, infectious. It provoked sympathy until every one felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh. His chuckle spread into a laugh and the others into roars. Suddenly Luke ceased laughing, looking as solemn as an owl, and the incentive to laugh seemed to have left every one else.

"Gentlemen," said General Putnam to his officers around him, "will some of you be kind enough to tell us what we have been laughing at?"

"That is more than I can do, general," said an old veteran at his elbow, wiping his tears away.

"Nor I."

"Nor I," from all sides.

Luke looked as solemn as an owl. There was not even the appearance of levity about him.

"What did you laugh at, Mr. Laugham?" asked the general of Luke.

"At the captain's mistake, sir," answered Luke, saluting.

"At me, sir—at me!" cried the captain indignantly.

"Yes—he-he-he!" chuckled Luke again; then a laugh so sympathetic and contagious that the next moment every one in the company was bubbling over again until regular guffaws—old-fashioned horse-laughs—resounded from all sides. Even the would-be indignant captain smiled, grinned, and then roared with the rest. When Luke ceased, they stopped, as though the source of supply had been suddenly cut off.

"Gentlemen," said old Putnam, wiping his eyes, "I never saw anything like it. I haven't had such a hearty laugh in twenty years, and I don't even know what I've been laughing at."

"Nor I."

"Nor I," responded a half dozen others, and then they all indulged in another good-natured laugh.

"I think I can understand it, general," said an old veteran colonel. "There's something contagious in a laugh, and this young man's is more so than anybody's I ever heard. I believe he could make a dead Hessian laugh."

"It always makes me laugh to see one," said Luke, at which the whole company laughed. But Luke never smiled.

No undertaker on his hearse ever looked so solemn as he.

"General," said he, "I must go whence I came to-night."

"Not till I have had a talk with you," said the old hero promptly. "Come with me."

Rising, he bowed to his officers, and then led the way into another room, followed by Luke. In another room General Putnam, seated at a little

table, was quietly writing a letter. Luke was sitting by the window waiting patiently for him to get through. Putnam was slow at writing, however quick at blows he may have been. But he finished it at last, and folding it into as small a compass as possible, handed the letter to Luke, with the remark:

"Give that to the commander-in-chief and tell him what you have seen to-day. Be cautious, for if that letter falls into the enemy's hands it will be a sad day for America."

"They'll never get it, general," said Luke very quietly, rolling and twisting the letter to the size and shape of a goose quill, and sticking it in a small rent in his coat sleeve; where it lodged under the lining.

"Ah! That's safe enough there unless somebody should take a fancy to your coat," remarked Putnam.

"Which no one is likely to do."

The old hero then gave him hurried whispered instructions for nearly a half hour, at the end of which time they shook hands and parted.

### CHAPTER III.—Washington Laughs.

"I must be off," muttered Luke to himself, as he wended his way through the camp, "as quietly as possible, or it'll be suspected that I am a spy. I wonder if I can get that horse without any one knowing anything about it? Ah! there's the old farmer there now, whose daughter said she'd keep the horse for me. He's busy talking with the men about the fight. I'll slip around to the house and see if I can get the horse."

The night was quite dark, but he found no difficulty in finding his way to the old farmer's house where he had left his horse. He went to the stable, but found the door locked.

"That's too bad," he muttered. "I will have to see that girl again in order to get my horse. I'll tell her I have to go to New Haven, so that my right direction will not be suspected."

A knock at the door brought the girl's mother forward.

"I've come for my horse," said he respectfully.

"Your horse!" exclaimed the dame, eyeing him sharply as the light from the candle she held in her hand fell upon him. His garb and general appearance was against him.

"Yes, ma'am—my horse," said he, returning her gaze undauntedly.

"There is only one horse in the stable that does not belong to us, and he must be a British officer's horse," she replied.

"That's the one, ma'am. I captured him in the fight to-day."

"Get out with you, sir, you sneaking rogue!" exclaimed the indignant dame. "That horse was left here before the fight!"

"Look here, my good woman," said Luke, "I captured that horse this morning in the fight at Greenwich, and left it here in charge of a young lady. I've got to go to New Haven to-night, and must have him, or down goes the stable with the Continental Congress on top of it."

"Drat you and the Continental Congress!" exclaimed the dame. "If you don't run like a Britisher, I'll scald the hide off of—"

"Mother—mother!" cried a girlish voice, run-



ning forward, and the next moment a fresh young face appeared at the door. Their eyes met.

"Oh, you're the man who left that fine horse here to-day! I know you, sir."

"Indeed! Tell me, then, who am I?"

"Why—why, you left your horse here this morning."

"Your good mother seems to doubt that, however."

The old dame retired in a huff, leaving the young girl to talk with him.

"Do you want the horse to-night, sir?" she asked.

"Yes; I must go to New Haven to-night."

"What! To-night?"

"Yes; I am to carry dispatches for the general."

The young girl looked at him with no small degree of interest.

"Are you a soldier?" she asked.

"Yes. Please show me the way to the stable and let me have my horse," he said.

"Yes—yes. I almost forgot," and running into another room to get the key, she soon returned and led the way around to the stable. She was a brave, fearless young girl, who seemed utterly devoid of those timid fears that go to make up the many weaknesses of the sex. As she held the candle in one hand and gave him the key to the stable with the other, Luke thought she was as pretty a specimen of the true blue Yankee girl as he had ever seen.

On entering the stable Luke saw that the noble charger had been well fed during the day.

"You have taken good care of him, miss," he said.

The girl blushed.

"Let me pay you for keeping him."

"No—no; we are patriots," she said quickly.

"But that gives me no right to impose on—"

"No—no; nothing at all, sir."

"Then let me thank you."

"You are welcome, sir."

"Will you tell me your name?" he asked, as he placed the bridle on the horse.

"Yes, sir; my name is Sarah Goodrich," and her pretty face again crimsoned with maidenly blushes. "What is your name, sir?"

"Do you want to know my name, Miss Goodrich?"

The girl cast down her eyes and half whispered:

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I will tell you if you will not tell any one else until two days after I am gone."

A look of alarm came into her face.

"I am Luke Laugham, the Patriot Spy," he half whispered.

"Oh!" and the start she gave caused her to drop the candle to the ground, leaving them wrapped in total darkness.

"Never mind about the light, Sarah," he said quietly. "I can put on the saddle just as well without it. You won't say anything about my name for two days, will you?"

"Oh, no, sir; I'll not say a word to any one about it."

"Thanks," and leading the way out of the stable, he stopped, took Sarah's hand in his and said: "I cannot thank you enough, Sarah, but I won't forget you. I'll come again some day and

thank you again. Will you think of me sometimes?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.

Luke raised her hand to his lips, kissed it, and then vaulted into the saddle. The next moment Sarah Goodrich was alone, and the patter of horse's feet was heard dying away in the distance. She relocked the stable door and returned to the house. No sooner had she entered the house than a man rose up from out of an immense pile of straw in the loft of the stable, where he had been concealed, a silent listener to all that had passed between Luke and Sarah.

"Ah! that's Luke—Laughing Luke, the Yankee spy," muttered the man, as he scrambled down from the hay loft, "and that talk about going to rebel headquarters with news from Putnam. I crawled in here to keep out of the way of the traitors to their lawful king while the fight was going on, but if I don't settle him once for all, my name is not Jim Ruggles, the Tory."

Jim quickly saddled one of the best horses of old Farmer Goodrich's stock, pulled off a plank, passed through to the outside, took a linch-pin from the wagon, and drew the staple. The door opened, and he led out the horse slowly and gently. Vaulting into the saddle, he dashed away at a breakneck speed in the direction Luke had taken. He knew every inch of the road between Stamford and New York, and rightly surmised that Luke would take the upper river road so as to strike the Hudson somewhere in Westchester.

"I'll take the short cut through by Miller's pond," muttered Jim, as he sped along the road at full speed, "and gain three miles on him. Lord! but they'd give me a hundred pounds in New York for those dispatches, and maybe a commission in the king's army. Captain Ruggles—ha, ha, ha! Maybe Sallie Goodrich wouldn't turn up her nose at me then!"

Turning sharply to the right after going about two miles, he rushed like a madman along a little settlement road that led to Miller's grist mill. In thirty minutes he had passed the old pond, his steed reeking with foam, and was nearing the junction of the two roads some five miles from where they forked. In another half hour he entered the main road and checked up his horse.

He let his horse walk nearly a mile before the sound of Luke's horse's hoofs was heard behind him. He stopped and listened. Nearer and nearer came the sound of horse's feet, beating the hard ground until the Tory rightly calculated that he was almost within hailing distance of him. He walked his horse slowly along the middle of the road, when Luke came thundering up behind him.

"Halloo, stranger!" cried Jim, reining his horse to one side, "you seem to be in a hurry to go some'res?"

Luke halted suddenly and gazed at the Tory.

"Waal," he said, using the Yankee vernacular, in which he was an adept, "yer see as how it's kinder lonesome ridin' by myself, an' so I made my horse show what he could do. Whar mout ye be goin', stranger?"

"I'm going to the river," was the half-evasive reply.

"Yas? Waal, now, that's jest whar I'm bound. You ain't goin' to cross, I calkerlate?"

"I don't know," said Jim cautiously. "You see,



"I've some business over there, but the soldiers of both armies are getting so particular that one can't say anything without getting shot for it. If the rebels catch a king's man, up he goes. If the king's men catch a patriot, down he goes; so I keep my mouth shut about both religion and politics."

"I am a patriot. Down with the king and all his men!"

"Them's my sentiments, stranger," coolly remarked Jim.

"I believe you," said Luke, laughing, and putting up his pistol.

But no sooner had he taken his hand off the weapon than Jim drew his, and, placing the muzzle against his heart, pulled the trigger. The powder flashed in the pan. Luke seized him by the pistol arm, drew his own weapon, and fired point-blank at him. Jim uttered a groan; his horse, terrified at the shot, reared and plunged. Jim grasped his flowing mane with his hands and held on tenaciously. The next moment the horse dashed away at full speed, going back in the direction whence he came. Putting spurs to his horse, Luke resumed his headlong speed toward the river, which he reached about daylight, his horse reeking with foam. He dashed up to the little log cabin, from the chimney of which issued a wreath of blue smoke. The door opened about an inch and an eye peeped out at him. Then it flew wide open and a brawny backwoodsman stepped out.

"Luke Laugham, by thunder!"

"Yes, Waddy, it's me. Where's your boat?"

"In the hole."

"Put me over, then, as soon as you can."

At a signal from Waddy, a young girl about seventeen years old came out of the house and took the horse which Luke surrendered to her.

"Take good care of him, Winnie," he said. "He's worth his weight in gold."

In an hour he was scrambling up the bank of the river on the Jersey side. A horse awaited him there. He mounted and dashed away with all speed. By noon he had reached Washington's headquarters, and delivered Putnam's dispatches to the commander-in-chief himself. Washington, grand, silent, and severely dignified, read Putnam's dispatches with lively interest.

"General Putnam," he said to General Hamilton and other distinguished officers about him, "after being surprised and defeated by Tryon, turned on him at Stamford yesterday, and drove him back to New York with considerable loss in men and property."

A murmur of surprise and delight went around.

"You were with him, Mr. Laugham," said the commander-in-chief to Luke. "Tell us what you know about it."

Luke commenced with the surprise at Greenwich; told about the tar-bucket episode that enabled Putnam to escape, which caused a smile on everybody's face but the commander-in-chief's. His narration of Putnam's terrible leap down the flight of stone steps thrilled them to a pitch of enthusiasm. Then followed a description of the rally at Stamford, and the retreat of the British and Hessians.

"Te—he—he!" chuckled Luke. "I caught the big sergeant who got some of the tar. 'Ha, ha, ha!' His head was full of it!"

And as Luke laughed a broad grin went around, which the presence of the commander-in-chief for the time prevented from bursting into a roar. Suddenly Luke wheeled, saluted his commander, and darted out of the tent with a countenance as solemn as an owl's.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Luke Proposes.

Several days after that General Washington again sent Luke down to the city on a spying expedition. He was successful in learning what he went after and on his return signified his intention of calling on Winnie. He shortly after succeeded in passing the British lines on his way out and neared Waddy's cabin. When he reached it he dismounted and knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" growled a gruff voice within.

"It's me, Waddy. Hurry up—I must get across the river without delay!"

"Oh, father, that's Luke!" cried Winnie, from another room.

Luke heard the brave girl leap out of bed. Even before her father could get on his clothes she was dressed and at the door to receive him. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, Luke!" she said tenderly, "I am so glad to see you; I dreamed that you were in great danger. I thought I saw you disguised as an old woman, and a redcoat was watching you suspiciously."

"Well, I'll just be swamped in a bog if that don't beat all!" said Luke. "You dreamed just what happened, lass."

"I did?"

"Yes—everything."

"Where from now, Luke?" asked Waddy, in a gruff tone of voice.

"From the city."

"Any news?"

"Yes; they are coming up the river."

"By land?"

"No; vessels. I must get over right away, Waddy."

"Not till you have had some breakfast, Luke," said Winnie. "Come in and I'll soon have you a good hot breakfast."

"A cold one will do as well, lass; I am in a great hurry," said Luke, as he gave his horse to the care of Waddy and entered the cabin.

"No—no, you shall wait till I cook one for you. It will not take long," and in a few minutes she had a roaring fire going.

Waddy led the horse down a steep declivity in the woods, into a cavern, the mouth of which was effectually concealed by brush, where two other fleet horses were kept, and fed him with corn and oats. He then proceeded to get his boat, which he kept concealed in a creek down near the river. He was slow, as he knew Winnie would keep the spy in the cabin till she could cook a breakfast for him. Winnie broiled several slices of venison steak for him, made bread and a pot of coffee, and he ate heartily of all.

"Ah, lass," he said, "you are a jewel. I was really weak from hunger, but didn't know it."

"I knew it, Luke," said she, smiling sweetly. "You are not hurt anywhere, are you?"

"Oh, no; not a scratch."



"When are you coming back this way?"

"I know not—probably in a few days."

"You are always in such a hurry when you come."

"Duty, lass. General Washington would never forgive any negligence of duty."

"Oh, how I wish that I were a man so I could be a soldier, too!"

"Well, I don't," said Luke emphatically.

"Why not?"

"Because I like Winnie Waddy better than I could like any man," was the frank reply.

Winnie flushed crimson, but a happy light shone in her eyes.

"I like you better than anybody, Luke," she said in a low, soft tone of voice.

The signal from Waddy that the boat was ready startled them.

"I must go," said Luke, rising to leave.

Winnie put her hands on his shoulders and looked him in the face.

"Luke," she said, "promise me that if you ever need a friend in trouble—one who would brave death for your sake—that you will send for me."

"Would you risk your life for me, lass?" he asked.

"Risk it! I would die a hundred deaths for you, Luke Laugham," and the girl's eyes blazed with an unwonted light as she spoke.

Luke took her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and covered her face with kisses.

"Winnie, darling," he whispered in her ear, "I love you—you shall be my wife some day!" and then he released her and fled from the cabin.

## CHAPTER V.—Luke Makes an Old Tory Laugh.

"You are not in so much of a hurry as I thought," growled old Waddy, as Luke ran down the river bank to the little boat.

"Yes, I was," replied Luke, "but that breakfast Winnie cooked was too much for me. It was glorious!"

Waddy succeeded in landing him safely on the other side, where Luke bade him good-by and hastened up to the farmhouse, where he had a fleet horse awaiting him. Mounting the horse, he dashed away toward the American camp. He rode like the whirlwind, and by afternoon reached the camp. The guards hardly could stop him, so eager was he to get to headquarters and make his report to the commander-in-chief. General Washington ordered him to be shown into a private apartment, where he soon joined him.

"What news have you brought, Mr. Laugham?" he asked of the spy.

"An expedition—the same which has been down in Virginia—will start up the Hudson to-morrow." General Washington started.

"Are you sure of this?" the general asked.

"Yes, general, I am positive about it. My information is from reliable sources."

"Have you any other news?"

"No, sir."

"You may retire then to rest, if you like."

"I would like to ask a favor of your excellency," said Luke, as he was about to leave.

"What is it?"

"Permission to go to West Point to join in the fight there."

Washington smiled.

"Then you are not so tired, after all?"

"Tired! I am as fresh as ever."

"Then come back here in a half hour, and you may take dispatches to West Point, Stony Point, and Verplanck's," said the commander-in-chief.

In a half hour Luke was back at headquarters, with a fresh horse, ready to start with the dispatches. He took the orders and put them carefully away, and then started to get beyond the lines, which required but little time. Then he sped northward for the highlands, making his way along a road he was but little acquainted with. Night came on, but he stopped not for that. A rain storm swept across the country, yet he pushed on, traveling all night. His horse, a noble animal, began to show signs of giving out. He stopped at a farmhouse and offered to purchase a horse and leave his own. The farmer would have nothing to do with him.

"But I must have a fresh horse!" said Luke angrily.

"Well, you can't get it here," replied the farmer.

"Are you a patriot or loyalist?" Luke asked.

"I'm neither. I am true to myself and family, taking no part in the war one way or the other."

"You are a strange case, I should say," remarked Luke.

"I know my own business best," said the farmer.

"Well, I suppose you do; but you don't know your own interest, nor the interest of your country," retorted Luke, as he rode away.

About a mile farther on he stopped at a little farmhouse owned by a widow whose husband had been killed the year before in the patriot army.

"My horse is nearly exhausted," he said to the widow, just after sunrise. "I've traveled hard all night, and yet I must push on a matter of life or death. If you have a good horse I will buy him, ma'am, and pay you even more than his value."

"Alas, I have nothing but one poor old blind horse," replied the widow, "but he is not such as you want. Mr. Bunton, a mile back there, the way you came, has several fine horses."

"I stopped there, but could do nothing with him."

"Indeed! Then you must be a patriot?"

"I am, ma'am."

"I thought so. Mr. Bunton is a Tory who hates the patriots. But come out to the stable and see if my horse will be of any service to you."

"No, ma'am, you have told me enough. I will go back to Bunton's and take one of his horses, anyhow, or blow his head off his traitorous shoulders. You are alone here?"

"Only a daughter with me. My husband was killed under General Putnam a year ago."

"Then you are a patriot?"

"Yes; I pray for Washington's success every day and night."

"You shall see your prayers answered yet, ma'am," and Luke went out of the house, vaulted into the saddle and rode back to the farmhouse of the old Tory. He found him in the barnyard looking after his stock.

"Here, you blasted old Tory!" cried Luke, presenting a pistol at his head. "I am a soldier in the patriot army of America, bearing dispatches."



from the commander-in-chief. I need a fleet horse, and if you don't trot out your fastest one, I'll put a bullet through your head in the name of the Continental Congress!"

The old Tory's knees smote together.

"I'll—I—I'll sell you one!" he stammered, shaking like a leaf.

"No, you won't; you send your best horse to General Washington as a present, or I'll make the devil a present of you!"

"You—you—won't—rob me?"

"No, you old traitor, but I'll have your best horse for the service of your country. Take that saddle off my horse there and put it on your best horse."

While Luke was talking the terrified old Tory was busy changing the saddle from Luke's horse to the back of his own, the fastest horse in his stable. Luke kept him covered with his pistol all the time, lest he should play him some trick. Just before mounting, he turned to the Tory and said:

"Now, this is a good joke on you, isn't it?"

"It may be to you, but——"

"You don't appreciate it, eh?"

"No, I don't," answered the Tory bluntly.

"Oh, that's because you haven't seen the funny side of it," said Luke, with a good-natured chuckle.

The old Tory looked mad, but the sight of the pistol kept him quiet as a lamb. Luke's chuckle changed to one of his wonderfully infectious laughs. Still the Tory did not smile. The loss of his horse had touched him too deeply. But Luke's laugh finally upset him. He could resist no longer, but burst into a loud guffaw that even astonished Luke himself. Luke laughed louder and louder, and the old Tory almost went into convulsions. They shook hands and then shook all over till the tears coursed down the old Tory's face. Peal after peal burst from the farmer, and Luke in a moment saw that it had become hysterical. The old fellow couldn't stop. He held his sides and passed from one convulsion of laughter to another.

"That's very good," said Luke. "I'll leave you to enjoy the fun," and, mounting the horse, he dashed down the road in the direction of the patriot widow's farm, where he left his horse as a present to her for the information she had given him.

## CHAPTER VI.—Captured at Verplanck's Point.

The old Tory laughed until he could stand no longer. He fell on the ground and laughed himself into convulsions. Some member of his family found him there still laughing, but almost dead. They took him into the house and sent for the nearest physician, who lived three miles away. When the physician came, the old rascal was still laughing, but passing out of one into another spasm so rapidly as to alarm his family.

"It's hysterical," said the doctor, "and unless we can stop it he will be dead in two hours."

Almost every known remedy was applied, and at last they succeeded in quieting him down with a strong opiate. It was several hours before he awoke, and then he was so weak that he could not stand up.

"What caused it, Mr. Bunton?" asked the doctor.

"Curses on the whole rebel world!" hissed the old farmer. "A rebel came along here this morning, put a pistol to my head, and demanded the best horse I had on pain of death. After I gave up the horse he commenced to laugh at me."

"The villain!"

"Yes, and set me to laughing, too!"

"You?"

"Yes. I couldn't help it. There was something about his laughing that made me laugh in spite of myself. I couldn't stop. He leaped into the saddle and rode off, leaving me in a spasm in the barnyard."

Then the doctor laughed. He couldn't help it. The doctor prescribed quiet and rest for his patient, mounted his mare and started off with a loud laugh. Nothing like that had ever come under his range of his experience before. It would do to tell to his patients as a good joke for the next ten years to come. In the meantime Luke had pushed on toward Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson. He reached there at noon.

"The British are coming up the river," he said to the commandant of the post, on presenting the sealed order from General Washington.

The officer tore open the letter, and read its contents.

"I am left with discretionary powers," he said. "I will hurry up the works which you see are in an unfinished condition. You had better cross over to Stony Point and warn them over there, as they will be attacked first."

"Can I get across with my horse?" Luke asked.

"Yes, very easily."

In an hour they had ferried him and his horse across to Stony Point, where he gave the commandant a letter from the commander-in-chief giving him discretionary powers under the circumstances. Scouts were at once sent out to reconnoiter the approach of the British. It was soon ascertained that a strong force under Sir Henry Clinton was slowly moving up the river. Luke hastened to carry his dispatches to West Point, the strongest point on the river.

On the approach of the British army it was seen that resistance would be useless at Stony Point. It was abandoned, and the little band of patriots moved slowly up the river. The British entered the half-finished fortifications, and prepared to attack Verplanck's Point opposite, early the next morning. The patriots over there vowed they could not leave without a brush with the enemy, and every man prepared for conflict the next day. All that night—the last day of May—the little band of patriots worked like beavers strengthening their works, and daylight found them defiant.

Just before the first gun was fired, Luke, the Yankee spy, dashed up, his horse reeking with foam. The commandant expected, of course, that he had some orders from the commandant at West Point. He rushed to his side and asked:

"Any orders for me?"

"No, sir. I came to have a hand in the fight."

Boom! went a cannon across the river, and the next moment a huge ball struck the corner of the works and raised a cloud of dust and mortar, but hurting no one. The guns of the little fort replied, and the ball opened in earnest.



Boom! boom! boom! went the artillery, and the iron hail began to knock the unfinished works of the patriots all to pieces. But the little band fought bravely until it became plain to every man that the works could not be held against such a fire as that. They prepared to evacuate the works. But when they were ready to go they found all retreat cut off. A force of British were in the rear of their position. The brave colonel commanding burst into tears.

"We must surrender or perish," he said, turning to his men.

"Can't we cut our way through?" asked Luke.

"I think not. They are too strong for us."

"You will give me permission to get away, will you not?"

"Of course. Any one of you can leave, if you like."

"Just wait, then, till I can get out of sight among those bushes down there," and Luke crept away to the rear, and glided down among a growth of underbrush that grew at the door of the declivity.

The white flag was run up in token of surrender, and the little garrison became prisoners of war. The British marched in and took possession of the unfinished works, running up the British flag with loud hurrahs.

"Oh, you red-coated devils!" hissed Luke, in his place of concealment down in the bushes. "The day will come when the hurrah will be on our side. If you go up a little farther and attack West Point, you won't think it so much fun."

Luke waited only till the mantle of night could conceal his movements from the enemy. If he could remain undiscovered till then, he could easily affect his escape. But he was doomed to disappointment. Just before sunset an officer took a squad of soldiers and marched from the fort direct to where he lay concealed. Further concealment was useless, so he rose up and pretended to be cutting a limb from the bushes as unconcerned about the presence of the redcoats as though he was one of their number.

"What are you doing out here?" asked the officer.

"Cutting a limb," was the careless reply.

"Well, you get back here or you will have your limb cut!"

Luke turned and slowly walked back to the fort, cursing his ill-luck with hearty good will. No one of the British soldiers recognized him as more than one of the prisoners who had been surrendered with the fort. That night, though, he was recognized by Jim Ruggles, the renegade, who, the reader will remember, tried to kill Luke on the road from Stamford bearing dispatches from Putnam to General Washington. Instead of the dispatches he got a bullet in the shoulder, from which wound he had just recovered.

"Aha, Luke Laugham!" cried Jim. "I know you, old fellow. You are the Yankee spy they've been trying so long to catch."

"Yes," replied Luke, "I believe you tried to catch me once."

"Well, we've got you now," and Jim hastened to inform the British general of the presence of the famous Yankee spy among the prisoners. He was taken and carried to the headquarters of the enemy.

"Are you Luke Laugham?" the general asked.

"Yes, that's my name."

"You are a spy, and——"

"Hold up now, general," said Luke quickly. "I am not a spy now. This don't look like a spy business, fighting you and surrendering in superior numbers."

"But you were once in our lines as a spy?"

"So I was, and talked face to face with the commandant of the post; but you didn't catch me," and Luke laughed—laughed so heartily that a smile went around the entire assemblage. Then a burst of guffaws followed, in which the dignified British general joined, roaring like a pirate in his cups.

## CHAPTER VII.—Luke Laughs Himself Free.

Luke had determined on a little revenge for his capture. The moment the laugh began to subside, he would burst out again, and the multitude followed. No discipline had been established, so the prisoners and soldiers mingled freely together, all joining in the loud laughing which could have been heard over at Stony Point across the river.

"Ha-ha-ha-ho-he-haw!" roared Luke, and general and all followed again. It was perfectly irresistible. They had to laugh. A dying man would have chuckled.

Luke got up alongside the general and started him off into convulsions. He grasped his sides and doubled up like a jackknife, as did hundreds of others around him. Just at that moment, when the laughing was at its height, Luke suddenly slipped away in the crowd, unnoticed by either friend or foe, so busy were they laughing to keep him company. It was nearly ten minutes before the general could recover his self-possession sufficiently to have his wits about him.

"Where is that fellow?" he asked, looking around him. "I must send him over to the commander-in-chief. I think he would be glad to see him. He ought to be a king's man instead of a rebel to his king. Where is he? Bring him here!"

The officers and soldiers looked around at each other, and then at the prisoners; but they did not see Luke.

"Where is he?" demanded the general sternly. "Bring him here at once!"

A search was made for him. But Luke was nearly a mile away, safe beyond the British lines.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the general, on being told that the famous spy was not to be found among the prisoners. "Do you mean to tell me that he has gotten away from us?"

"It looks as though he had, general."

"Ten thousand furies! He laughed himself from under our very noses. Send out a guard in every direction—beat every bush, and bring him in dead or alive."

The searching parties were instantly sent out, and a strong guard placed around the captured fort to prevent any more escapes. The general was foaming with rage. To have it said of him that a cute Yankee spy had gotten up alongside of him, and set him to laughing in the presence of his entire command, and then deliberately walk off and escape from him, was more than he was willing to endure with patience. It was worse.



than a defeat before the enemy. He was the most disgusted man in the British army at that moment. Of course, the search for him proved fruitless. Luke had slipped through and was making his way down the river toward Waddy's cabin, where he knew he would find a swift horse in the secret cavern. He reached the place at midnight, and found the cabin a heap of smoldering ruins. The ruthless invaders had burned down the unpretentious cabin.

"By the Continental Congress!" exclaimed Luke as he viewed the ruins, "this is the meanest thing yet. I wonder if they killed anybody? Like as not they killed the old man and took Winsome Winnie away. By the eternal gods of vengeance, if they have harmed a hair of Winnie's head, I'll never show mercy to a redcoat again!"

"That's my own Luke!" cried Winnie, rushing forward from a clump of bushes, and throwing her arms around his neck, kissing him passionately.

"Winnie, is it you?"

"Yes; I knew you would come some time, so I waited and watched for you," replied the brave girl.

"Where is your father?"

"They took him away with them, saying they would keep him a prisoner."

"Did they burn down the house?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't they take you, too?"

"They said they didn't want me, and I wouldn't go with 'em nohow."

"Well, they've taken Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, on the other side of the river. They captured every man at Verplanck's Point, including myself."

"How did you get away?"

"I laughed and they laughed, and then I slipped away."

Winnie laughed heartily at the novelty of his escape.

"What will they do with father?"

"Oh, nothing except to hold him as a prisoner of war."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Then I won't grieve about him any more."

"But what are you going to do? You can't stay here in the woods alone this way."

"No; I don't know what to do unless I go across the river, and try to find a home with some of our friends over there."

Luke hung his head in deep thought a while. Suddenly he looked up and said:

"I have it. I'll get you a place in New York City where you can get all the news, and post me when I get there."

Winnie looked troubled.

"I don't like to go there," she said, after a pause.

"Why not?"

"Because there are some British soldiers there who know me, and who would trouble me if they met me there."

"Then you must go with me across the river to your friends. I see no other way for you. I'll tell General Washington all about you, and maybe he'll do something for you."

Winnie led the way down to the spot where the little boat was kept concealed. She pulled

the bushes aside and entered the boat. He followed, and in a few moments they were gliding across the broad bosom of the Hudson River. With two such hands at the oars, the little boat soon reached the other side, where the craft was concealed in a spot she long had used for the purpose. Guided by Winnie, they took a narrow path that led up to an old farmhouse, where dwelt a stanch old patriot, to whom Winnie had endeared herself by saving the life of a child of the family from drowning. The entire family were asleep.

"Halloa!" cried Luke, in a loud voice.

A pack of dogs came out from under the house and raised a noise that would have alarmed the dead. The old farmer soon came out, gun in hand, and wanted to know what was wanted there.

"It's me, Mr. Harris," said Winnie; "Winnie Waddy!"

"Oh, is it? Come in, child. What ever brought you over at this time of night?"

"They have burned down our house and taken father away," said Winnie, as she and Luke walked up to the house.

"I saw smoke, and was afraid it was your house," said the old patriot. "Who is that with you?"

"I am Luke Laugham," said Luke, extending his hand to the farmer.

"Oh, yes, I've heard Winnie and her father speak of you, sir. Come in—come in. God bless me! I am glad to see you both!"

The farmer was not long in striking a light, and in a few moments the entire family were up listening to the tale of the vandalism of the British in their progress up the river.

"So you want a home with us, do you, dear?" asked the kind-hearted old farmer.

"Yes, for a few days until——"

"As you live just so long will you be welcome to all that we can give you, Winnie Waddy," interrupted the farmer. "We owe you a debt of gratitude we can never fully repay, but we will do all in our power to show how much we love you."

"Now you have taken a load off my heart, Mr. Harris," said Luke, grasping the farmer's hand in his. "I can now go, feeling that she is in safe hands."

"But you will not leave us to-night?"

"Yes, I must push on to the army, as I have news for the commander-in-chief. I shall have to call on you for a horse. I have a good one on the other side of the river, in Winnie's care, but can't get him across to-night."

"You shall have one, sir, and I'll get the other over to-morrow."

"Then, before he goes, can't you give him something to eat? I know he is hungry," said Winnie, who never failed to think of his comfort in that respect. She knew he had made his escape from the enemy at Verplanck's Point, and had eaten nothing since. She was almost perishing with hunger herself, yet it was for him she spoke.

"Why, yes; plenty for both," said the good Dame Harris, who took a candle and led the way into an old-fashioned dining room which was also a kitchen.

She set before them a pitcher of milk, a cold



shoulder of mutton, and plenty of bread. There was nothing but an empty pitcher and a shoulder bone when they got up. But they were no longer hungry. Luke then kissed Winnie, and shook hands with the farmer's family. Outside the horse was waiting for him. He sprang into the saddle and dashed away like a whirlwind, going in the direction of the American camp some twenty miles away.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—Another Hero in the Field.

The news of the success of the British, under Sir Henry Clinton, at Verplanck's and Stony Points, did not seem to disturb the commander-in-chief of the patriot army. He seemed to have regarded the fall of those two unfinished forts as a matter of course, as the force of the enemy was simply overwhelming. But he was naturally desirous to know whether the enemy intended to stop there, or turn upon New England. If West Point should fall, he would be cut off entirely from the east, and even communication with that department would be very difficult. Two days after Luke had returned to the camp the commander-in-chief sent for him to report at headquarters. Luke very promptly reported.

"I want you to take a letter to the general commanding at West Point," said Washington, "and then go to Stony Point and see what they are doing there—whether they intend to remain. Take your own time in that matter, only deliver this letter as soon as possible."

Such was the love and veneration that Luke had for the commander-in-chief that he would have faced death at any time at his command. He took the papers, and in time—just ten minutes—he was mounted and on his way to West Point. He carried in his pocket a red wig for use at the proper time. On his way he stopped at Harris' farm to return the farmer's horse and get his own fleet charger. Winnie flew to him and threw her arms around his neck in the presence of the whole family.

"Where are you going now, Luke?" she asked, in a whisper, as he was about to mount again.

"To West Point," he answered.

"And then?"

"To Stony Point."

"In the enemy's lines?"

"Yes."

"Is there danger there?"

"Yes, but somebody must risk it, you know."

"When will you return?"

"I don't know that."

"How long will you stay at West Point?"

"About one day, I guess."

"And you will go from there to Stony Point?"

"Yes."

She asked no more. He sprang into the saddle and dashed away at full speed. Two hours later Luke stopped to let his horse rest and eat a bit of fresh green grass by the wayside. As he stood by his horse he heard in the distance the sound of horse's feet coming at full speed.

"Ah, who can that be?" he muttered, as he listened and looked at his pistols.

Nearer and nearer came the horse, evidently at a full gallop, and in a few moments a sharp

turn in the road brought a young man, mounted on a large horse, into full view. Luke noticed a start of surprise in the rider when he saw him, and that he quickly checked the speed of his horse. Their eyes met, and the young man bowed.

"Is this the right road to Albany?" he asked.

"Yes, I believe it is," replied Luke; "but your horse will never live to get there at the speed you are going."

"I—I—forgot how fast I was going, I was so anxious to push on as far as possible to-night."

"Well, you would do well to let your horse take a little breathing spell, as I am doing. Do you live in Albany?"

"No, sir, I live below, but have relatives there, whom I am going to see on important business."

"Is your business public or private, if I may ask?"

"Oh, private altogether!" was the reply of the young man. "Are you going up that way?"

"Yes, some distance up the river."

"Then we will have a chance to kill time."

Luke mounted his horse, and the two rode along together, the spy keeping an eye on the young man all the while, fearing treachery of some kind. Thus several miles were passed, and Luke's suspicion became more lively than ever, as the young stranger asked many ingenious questions, speaking so strongly against the British as to cause him to doubt his sincerity. Suddenly, as they were riding along, three British soldiers darted out from the bushes on the roadside and grasped the bits of their horses, with the command:

"Halt!"

Luke drew his pistol, and was on the point of shooting the young man, believing him to belong to this very party. But to his astonishment the young man promptly drew a pistol and coolly shot down the soldier who held his horse, then plunged the spurs deep into his horse's sides. The gallant steed leaped forward, shaking himself free from the grasp of the dying Briton. Luke shot down the other in a flash, but two more sprang out from the bushes and surrounded him, firing two shots at him, one of which passed through his hat.

The young man wheeled his horse, drew another pistol and dashed up to his rescue, laying another Briton low. He caused his horse to rear up and bring his heavy iron-shod hoof down on the head of another with such force as to stretch him full length on the ground. Luke then dashed forward, followed by the daring young man at full speed. The whole fight began and was ended in less than two minutes. They rode a mile or two at full speed without uttering a word. Suddenly Luke checked his horse to a full stop.

"See here, sir," he said to his companion, "I owe you an apology. I suspected you of being either a spy or a Tory. When those fellows attacked us I was about to shoot you, believing you were one of them. But now I know better. You are true blue, and brave as old Putnam. There's my hand—the hand of a friend as long as you need one."

The young man grasped the hand and pressed it spasmodically. He was greatly excited.

"I never killed a man before!" he said.

"Well, you did it well for the first time," said Luke. "Now tell me your name."



"My name is Joseph Winn," replied the young man; "and yours?"

"Luke Laugham."

"Luke Laugham!"

"Yes."

"The Yankee spy?"

"The same," and Luke smiled at his evident astonishment.

"Give me your hand again, Luke Laugham!" exclaimed the young man, grasping the hand of the spy. "I swear to you that I will stand by you till this war is ended or death cuts one of us off!" and the two young men shook hands over the oath of friendship.

## CHAPTER IX.—The Two Spies Go Fishing.

Luke was charmed with the enthusiasm of his new-found friend. He had seen his courage tested in the hour of peril, so he was not afraid to trust him.

"Now tell me, Luke," said young Winn, "where you are going, and as I do not belong to the army I will go with you and share your dangers with you."

"But how about your urgent business in Albany?"

"Oh, that's nothing at all. I was merely going up there to spend a month with relatives," and Winn laughed heartily as he urged his horse to a faster pace to keep even with Luke.

"Well, if you have time to see danger and adventure, you can go with me. I am going to West Point to carry dispatches, and then will go to Stony Point to see what the enemy is doing there."

"That will be dangerous enough, I should think."

"Yes; quite too dangerous for you unless you have had some experience in that line."

"I know nothing about it," said Winn, "but I am willing to go with you. I can hold a pretty good hand at deceiving any one."

"I believe you; but we must hurry up, as time is precious," and the two young-friends spurred up their horses at greater speed. Mile after mile were passed in silence, and at last they neared the outposts of West Point. They were halted, discounted and conducted into the presence of the commandant of the post, to whom Luke delivered his dispatches. Scouts had already brought in the news of the fall of Verplanck's and Stony Points.

"I was uneasy about you, Laugham," said the commandant, "as I feared you were captured."

"They did get me, but I laughed 'em out of it," was the reply.

"Laughed them out of it!" exclaimed the general. "I don't understand you!"

Luke chuckled—laughed, and the general laughed, too. Luke increased his laugh to a roar, and the general almost went into convulsions, as did young Winn, who was with him.

"That's how I did it," said Luke, with a face as serious and sober as an owl. The astonished general wiped his eyes and took about five minutes to compose himself.

"I haven't laughed so much and so heartily in ten years," he said.

"That was the way with 'em at Verplanck's Point," replied Luke; "while they were all laughing I slipped out and got away."

The general laughed again.

"I know there must have been some hard swearing after your absence was discovered."

"I am sure of that, as they were going to lock me up as a spy."

"Who is the young man with you?"

"Joe Winn, a true blue and true as steel patriot. He is going with me, as he saved my life this morning when attacked by an ambush of British soldiers."

"Ah! a brave deed. I am glad to meet you, sir. You do not belong to the service?"

"No, sir; I am going to fight independent, so as to remain near my friend here," replied Joe.

"In that case, then, you two will give the redcoats some trouble, I guess."

"I hope so."

"Where do you go from here, Laugham?"

"To Stony Point," replied Luke, in a whisper.

"When do you start?"

"In a day or two."

The next day they started down the river on foot. Luke put on his red wig and browned his face slightly with the juice of a berry. It made a wonderful change in his appearance. They were to be simple country youths, fishing and hunting along the river. Late in the afternoon they came in sight of the Point. They both had quite a good string of fish which they had caught out of the river. They came upon two soldiers who were also fishing.

"Halloo! What luck?" asked Luke, in a broad, country accent, approaching the spot where the two soldiers were fishing, and casting their lines in the water.

"No luck at all," said one of the redcoats. "They don't bite well here."

"They bite well enough for me," said Luke, drawing out a very fine fish at that moment.

"Well, I'll try it again," said the soldier, and in a few minutes he succeeded in landing a very fine fish, which elated him very much.

Two hours later they accompanied the soldiers up the hill to the fort, where they succeeded in selling their strings of fish to the officers. Luke kept his eyes about him, and saw that the troops were divided into relays to work on the fortification day and night in order to complete it as soon as possible. He and Joe Winn remained there a whole week, fishing every day and selling their catches to the officers. The country people also sent in strawberries and fruit for sale. The soldiers took quite a liking to the spy and his friend, and Luke found many opportunities to inspect the works, and drew in his mind an accurate map of the whole place. One day they went out fishing and did not return. They wended their way back up the river toward West Point. Their absence was noticed, as several officers missed their mess of fresh fish for supper. Their absence created a little suspicion that all was not right, but it soon passed away. At West Point they mounted their horses and set out to return to Washington's camp in New Jersey. They took the same route they came before, but were very cautious.

"They are watching this road to capture dispatches," said Luke, "for they know that communication is cut off below Stony Point."



"Then we must be on the lookout for them."

"Yes."

After that Joe kept his eye ahead for any indication of the presence of man. He was keen-eyed and acute of hearing. Several miles were passed in this way. At last Joe exclaimed:

"There! I saw something red dodge into the bushes down the road there just then!"

They both stopped and gazed in the direction indicated by Joe. Sure enough, Luke detected the gleaming point of a bayonet in the sunlight.

"You are right, Joe," he said. "I see the points of several bayonets. They are too many for us, and it would be certain death to try to go by them. They have horses in the bushes there. We must turn and run for it suddenly, so as to get the start of them. Now!"

They wheeled their horses, put spurs to them, and dashed away at a breakneck speed. The next moment a dozen British soldiers sprang out into the road and fired a volley after them, accompanied by loud yells.

Luke's horse plunged wildly, as if he were hit, ran forward nearly a quarter of a mile, and then dropped dead in the road. A mounted squad of troopers came up and surrounded Luke ere he could extricate himself from the fallen horse, a dozen sabers being pointed at him from all sides—a cordon of gleaming steel around him.

## CHAPTER X.—Spy's Laugh Again Frees Him.

Luke looked calmly around at the gleaming sword-points that hemmed him in on all sides, and coolly remarked:

"Well, this looks as though you had me, doesn't it?"

"I should say that it does," replied an officer, a lieutenant, who had command of the detachment. "Do you surrender?"

"Of course I do," replied Luke, with a chuckle. "Who wouldn't with all this parade in his honor? Really, I feel proud."

And the sarcasm of his tone was so apparent that the officer struck him with the flat side of his sword, angrily saying:

"Take that, and know that when you insult a king's officer punishment quickly follows!"

Quick as an electric flash Luke snatched the sword from the officer's hands, broke it in two across his knees, and flung the pieces on the ground, with:

"The man who would strike a prisoner is a coward, be he a king's officer or a rebel!"

A more astonished man never was seen than was that officer. He turned all sorts of colors, and finally exclaimed:

"Kill the rebel viper—give me another sword!" and snatching one from the scabbard of one of his soldiers, he was about to run Luke through the body when the latter stooped and gathered a handful of sand at his feet. The next moment he threw it in the enraged officer's face, completely blinding him.

"Ten thousand fiends!" roared the lieutenant, dropping the sword and clapping both hands to his face. "I am blinded—kill the rebel!"

The soldiers looked on in disgust. The cowardice of their leader was all the more glaring when contrasted with the daring effrontery of the

young stranger whom they had just captured. No one raised a weapon to interfere, and the young officer was led away on his horse by one of the men.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Luke chuckled good naturedly, and the redcoats smiled. He laughed, and their smile deepened into a chuckle. He laughed heartier, and they joined him in an old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon guffaw that echoed through the woods far and wide.

The laugh turned into a roar. The soldiers sat down on the ground and rolled—those on horseback laid forward on their horses' necks and laughed till they were weak as children.

"Now is my time!" muttered Luke, turning to make a dash for the woods and liberty. But just at that moment a small detachment of troops came out of the woods. Had he run, he would have been met by a line of bayonets. Luke saw that that chance was gone. He also saw that a captain was in command of the whole detachment, and therefore felt safe from the vengeance of the lieutenant.

"Silence!" exclaimed the captain, on approaching the party of convulsive laughers. But who could be silent then? Who could resist that laugh of the Yankee spy? The soldiers didn't hear, and Luke didn't care.

"Attention!" roared the captain, turning red in the face, and drawing his saber.

"Ha, ha, ha—he, he, he—ho—haw!"

"Arrest the whole party!" cried the captain furiously, turning to his men immediately behind. "Charge bayonets and arrest them!"

The redcoats, trained to a rigid discipline, dared not disobey orders, made a charge and capturing their unresisting laughing comrades, while Luke, still laughing, made a dart for the bushes. He got away unperceived, for the captain and his men did not know that he was a prisoner. The best running he ever did in his life he did then, and was fully a mile away before his escape was discovered by the redcoats.

"What the deuce does all this mean?" angrily cried the captain, as soon as the absence of Luke's rollicking laughter was missed.

Of course no man knew what he had been laughing at—hence no one spoke. Each man wiped his eyes and looked at his comrade, as much as to say: "What was it?"

"Where is Lieutenant Hammersley?" the captain demanded, turning to an old soldier near by.

"Gone down the road, sir, as blind as a bat," replied the soldier, saluting his commander.

"Blind! How came he blind?"

"The prisoner threw sand in his eyes, sir."

"The prisoner! What prisoner? Where is he?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the old redcoat.

"Who does know?" and the angry captain glared fiercely around at the men.

"I guess he got away, sir," said a corporal.

"Got away!" exclaimed the captain. "Got away? And I found you all roaring like a parcel of tipsy pirates! Do you know what you have done, you chuckling blockheads? You've let the famous Yankee spy, Laughing Luke, slip through your fingers, leaving you grinning at each other like a pack of fools!"

Every soldier was immediately sobered up by the news of the importance of the prisoner they had just lost.



"Quick! to the woods—in twos and threes!" cried the captain. "Bring him in, dead or alive! Fifty pounds to the man who first discovers him!"

The redcoats instantly divided into little parties of twos and threes, and took to the woods, determined to earn the liberal reward offered by the captain. On finding that Luke was surrounded and captured, Joe Winn put spurs to his horse and was out of sight in a minute."

"I'll conceal my horse somewhere," he muttered, as he dashed away, "and then creep around through the woods and see what they do with him. Luke Laugham, I'll never desert you!"

The redcoats, amused by the reckless effrontery of Luke, did not pay any attention to the other one who had escaped. Mounted on a fleet horse, they naturally thought he would get away anyhow, so they let him go. But he did not go but two miles. Seeing a dense thicket some little distance from the road, he rode into it, dismounted, and led his gallant steed as far into the depths as he could go, and hitched him there.

"Now, my good horse," said he, patting his horse's neck, "keep perfectly quiet till I come back, and then we'll leave this place for something better."

Adjusting his pistols, young Winn started to go back to where Luke was captured, taking good care to see that he was not seen by any one. He kept in the bushes, watching like an Indian in every direction as he advanced. It took him some time to reach the place; but he got there just in time to hear the British captain swearing at the men for allowing Luke to escape.

"Good—good!" muttered Joe. "He has escaped from them; laughed himself out of their hands! Well, well, Luke Laugham, you are a hero, and no mistake! But what will he do? His horse is dead, and it's yet fifteen miles to Farmer Harris'? I'll go back and mount my horse, keeping on the lookout for him."

Joe was quick to decide on a movement. He crept away from the dangerous vicinity and ran as fast as he could to the thicket, where he had his horse concealed. Once more in the saddle, he dashed out into the road and galloped forward, giving a shrill whistle with his finger between his lips. Half an hour passed, and then he heard a rustling of the bushes by the roadside. He turned and found two British soldiers charging upon him.

"Away, my good horse!" he cried to his steed, lying flat down on his neck to escape the bullets which he knew would be sent after him. The faithful steed dashed away like a rocket, and the next instant two musket shots rang through the woods.

## CHAPTER XI.—Sandy White, the Old Hunter.

The shots only served to make the gallant steed go faster, and the bullets whistled harmlessly, but very close, over the head of his young master.

He rode forward a mile or two farther, and came to where a little settlement road joined the main one.

"This leads off in the direction of the camp, anyway," he said, looking off to the left. "I'll follow it and see where it goes to, anyhow."

With him, to resolve was to act, and the next moment young Winn was bounding along through the little settlement road at breakneck speed. Three miles brought him to a little old cabin, which to all appearances seemed deserted. He dismounted and knocked at the door with the handle of one of his pistols.

"Halloo thar, stranger!" exclaimed a gruff voice from the bushes on the left, and, looking in that direction, Joe saw a tall, lank specimen of the American backwoodsman, coonskin cap, leather hunting shirt, leggings and all, standing erect, leveling a rifle at his head.

"Whar do you hail from?" asked Coonskin Cap.

"West Point," was the prompt reply.

The man slowly lowered his rifle, and gazed fixedly at the young man.

"Be ye a rebel?"

"I am a patriot," was the reply.

"By the everlastin' bee gum!" exclaimed the stranger; "that's my flock, stranger," and he advanced to Joe's side, took his hand in his great horny palm and wrung it with great cordiality. "I'm a he patriot all over, and don't love them 'ere redcoats no more'n pisen. I've wiped out more'n a score of 'em, stranger, an' calkerlate as how I'll do some more o' that kind er work afore they whip General Washin'ton."

Joe returned the handshake, and related the adventures of himself and Luke, whom the old fellow, who said he was Sandy White, the old Indian fighter, seemed to know all about. The old trapper gave Joe minute directions as to the location of the patriot army, and the young fellow started off, riding at a rapid pace until he found himself halted by the pickets of the patriot army, when he was escorted to the headquarters of Washington. It was the first time Joe had seen the grand old hero on whom the eyes of the whole civilized world were then centered. He took off his hat and made a bow that savored more of deep respect and veneration than of military training, for he made no salute whatever.

Washington looked up kindly at the young man and asked:

"Where are you from, sir?"

"Stony Point, your excellency."

"Ah! yes—show him into the other room, colonel," and the general arose, bowed himself away from his staff and the numerous officers present, and retired to the room indicated.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked, on entering the room.

"I am Joe Winn, a friend and comrade of Luke Laugham," was the reply.

"Where is Mr. Laugham?"

"The last time I saw him he was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy."

"When was that?"

"Quite early this morning; but I think he managed to laugh himself out of their clutches, as I heard them all roaring with laughter some time afterward."

General Washington could not repress a smile as Joe spoke. But he immediately questioned Joe about his knowledge of the works at Stony Point, and the answers he received convinced him that he was telling the truth. Joe then related the story of his and Laughing Luke's ad-



ventures, giving information that led to a movement at once.

"Would you be willing to guide a troop of cavalry to the spot where that detachment guards the road?" asked the general.

"Gladly, sir."

"Then be ready in half an hour."

In a half hour Joe was ready, and at the head of fifty picked men dashed away toward the north, full of hope that he would be in time to save Luke Laugham from another capture.

## CHAPTER XII.—Wayne Marches on tSony Point.

In less than an hour after Joe Winn left the American camp at the head of a determined band of patriots, Laughing Luke himself made his appearance at the picket lines, and was conducted to headquarters. He was received with a broad grin by every one save Washington himself. General Washington was of a nature that was not given to levity. Luke was told by the commander-in-chief about Joe being sent out with fifty men to rescue him and disperse the men on the road. He then took a pencil and drew a diagram of the works at Stony Point, which confirmed every statement already made by Joe Winn.

Washington sent for General Wayne—he who is known in history as "Mad Anthony"—showed him the diagram of the fort, told him who commanded there and the number of men in it, and asked him if he was willing to storm it.

"General," said Mad Anthony, "I will storm hades if you will only plan it!"

"That is enough," said Washington quietly, folding up the diagram. "Get your command ready to start there, and wait for orders."

General Wayne saluted his commander and passed out. He lost no time in getting his command ready to move at a moment's notice. That night he held another secret conference with Washington, and received his instructions. He then went back to his command and told his men to rest well during the night, as they would not march until the next day. During the night Joe Winn led the troops under a patriot captain to where the redcoats were encamped. They fell upon and killed, captured, and dispersed the entire detachment.

When the detachment arrived at the patriot camp Winn met Luke, and they exchanged experiences. Winn then learned that Luke was going with General Wayne's troops on an expedition and asked to accompany them, which request was granted. The troops started shortly afterward.

The line of march lay over jagged rocks and through narrow defiles, consequently they made but slow progress.

"See here, Luke," whispered Joe to his comrade, "they are going to Stony Point."

"Hush! I know it!" said Luke.

"They'll have a hard fight up there."

"Of course; but we'll take it for all that."

Joe was very quiet after that. The command marched silently and steadily forward till night came on. They were but a little over a mile from the fort at eight o'clock. General Wayne halted

his command and drew them up in a compact body around him.

"Men—patriots," he said, in a low voice, yet loud enough to be heard by all present, "we are within one mile of Stony Point. We are going to surprise and capture it without the loss of a man, if we can; but we are going to have it at every hazard. You have but to keep silent, obey orders, and all will be well. Not a gun must be fired—the bayonet must do the work! Look to your bayonets now, and see that they are all right."

This startling announcement of the idea of storming a fort with only bayonets staggered a number of the men. They couldn't comprehend it. The idea seemed perfectly absurd; but, coming from Mad Anthony Wayne, whom they knew to be one of the most desperate fighters of the patriot army, they were greatly troubled. Murmurs arose.

"We must surprise them," repeated the general, "and give them the bayonet before they know of our presence. The struggle will then last but a few minutes!"

An old soldier, but greatly excited, commenced deliberately to load his gun. A staff officer remonstrated—the soldier kept on.

"Stop that, sir!" said the officer sternly. "No loading in the line!"

The veteran gave no heed, but drew the ramrod to send the ball home. The officer quickly drew his sword and ran him through the body. He sank down to the ground—and died with a groan.

"The man who disobeys orders on the eve of battle deserves to die the death of a dog!" said the determined officer. "Who now will dare load his piece?"

This summary punishment deterred any others that may have felt disposed to lodge a bullet in his musket.

"Is that negro ready?" General Wayne asked.

"Yes, sah, I's here," replied a stalwart black, who had been going to the fort daily to sell strawberries. Pompey was a patriot at heart, but he had succeeded in making Colonel Johnson and his officers at the fort believe otherwise.

"Mr. Laugham, will you go in advance with this man and undertake to capture or kill the two sentinels on the line without alarming the others?"

"General," said Luke, "I will go if you will give me my choice of two men to go with me."

"Certainly—be quick about it," replied the general.

"Joe Winn and Sandy White are the men I want," said Luke.

"Here I am," said Joe, going to his side, "but I didn't know that Sandy was with us."

"Oh, he slipped into the ranks about an hour ago," said Luke. "He didn't know that I saw him, but I did."

Sandy soon reported, and he and Luke shook hands.

"Come, Sandy," said Luke, "we want some little quiet work on the picket line."

"Thar's my hand, pard," said Sandy, and they at once moved off behind Pompey. The troops came creeping along behind at a safe distance. Luke was to give a signal if the coast was clear, when Mad Anthony Wayne would rush on the doomed fort like a besom of destruction.



Pompey led the way direct to where two pickets were stationed. They hailed him.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"It's me, Pompey, sah!" replied the black.

"Advance, Pompey, and give the countersign."

Pompey advanced to the two sentinels, who, for the moment, were thrown off their guard, for they knew Pompey well, and gave the countersign. At the same time Luke and Sandy sprang forward and seized the two sentinels, each with a knife at his throat, and hissed:

"A word and you are dead men!"

Of course, they said nothing. Luke gave a low signal, and a minute later the two sentinels saw a dense black mass of patriots gliding like specters by them, and knew then that the fort was doomed. On—on they pressed, their bright bayonets gleaming in the starlight as they moved past toward the base of the frowning fortress. Up the hill they climbed, with Mad Anthony Wayne at their head, and were almost against the walls when the hoarse challenge of a sentry was heard—a single musket fired, and then pandemonium broke loose.

### CHAPTER XIII.—The Capture of Stony Point.

"Up, men, and at them!" cried Mad Anthony Wayne, on seeing that they were discovered. "Give them the bayonet, and nothing else!"

Like tigers springing upon their prey, the little band of patriots sprang forward up the hill. The long roll was beaten inside the fort, and the next minute a terrific fire of both cannon and musketry was poured into the ranks of the patriots. Many went down under the first broadside; but the voice of Mad Anthony Wayne was heard cheering on his men. The next broadside, and General Wayne himself fell. The men pressed on. General Wayne lay still a moment, as though dead. A minute later he raised himself on his elbow, and said to his aids:

"Carry me forward, and let me die at the head of my men!"

The aids were heroes. They appreciated the dying general's motive, and so took him in their arms and pressed forward up the steep and rugged hill with him. His men were pouring over the walls of the fort like a flock of sheep, and bayoneting the British, who struggled manfully, but in vain. They rushed him over the wall, and the ardor of his warlike spirit seemed to give him additional strength. He sprang away from his aids, drew his sword again, and rushed into the thickest of the fight. That was Mad Anthony Wayne.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" yelled the patriots. "The fort is ours—surrender!"

Colonel Johnson, seeing that all his men would be killed, surrendered his sword to General Wayne, begging that the slaughter should cease.

"The fort is ours, men!" cried General Wayne. "Stop fighting!"

But in the din of battle his commands were not heard, and so his officers had to rush in and stop the slaughter. The wild yells that burst forth from the patriots were heard over at Verplanck's Point, where the little garrison trembled in doubt and uncertainty as to who were the victors. The British had 63 killed and 543 men were captured—many of whom, nearly 200, were wounded. The

patriots lost 15 killed and 88 wounded. Joe Winn received a slight flesh wound, which did not keep him from crowding his way into the thickest of the fight with Luke and Sandy. General Wayne's wound was by no means a mortal one, though at first he thought it was. He sent for Luke, and the youth went at once to the wounded general's side. A surgeon was dressing the wound.

"Take the fleetest horse you can find, Mr. Laugham," said the general, "and carry this note to the commander-in-chief."

Luke took the note and hurried out. He knew that haste was required of him.

"Whither now, Luke?" asked Joe, as he came.

"Back to General Washington's camp."

"I'll go with you, then."

"Hurry up, now, for I've no time to lose."

Both left the fort together, and hurried down the hill to the woods, where their horses had been left. They soon found their own steeds, now refreshed by three hours of rest, sprang into the saddle, and hurried off through the darkness as fast as the rugged nature of the ground would permit. On—on they pushed, knowing the anxiety the commander-in-chief would have to hear from Mad Anthony Wayne, who had told him that he would storm hades if he would only plan it. He had planned the storming of Stony Point, and now anxiously awaited tidings from the battle.

The sun was about an hour high when they were halted by the pickets. They were hurried forward to headquarters, where Luke bounded off his horse and rushed into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"Good news!" exclaimed General Hamilton. "I feel it in my very bones!"

General Washington merely held out his hand for the dispatch. Luke passed it to him and watched his noble features as he read it. He saw those rigid lines of care relax as he read aloud:

"The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours."

Every officer present grasped Laughing Luke by the hand, as tears of joy trickled down their bronzed faces. They rejoiced in the triumph of their country over her foes.

Several days after Washington sent for Luke and gave him some dispatches for General Putnam. Luke sought Joe Winn and requested him to go with him. Joe was only too eager to comply, and they set out.

After riding three or four hours they were suddenly halted by a voice from the bushes, but could see no one in the darkness. They were about to make another dash for it when a flash of lightning revealed an old, ragged Continental soldier on the roadside with a musket leveled at them.

"Ah! there you are, by the Continental Congress!" exclaimed Luke.

"Halloo, Luke Laugham!" cried a voice further back in the bushes. "I know that Continental Congress oath. Where in thunder do you hail from now?"

"From headquarters," replied the spy, as a dozen dark forms closed around him in the road. "I am looking for General Putnam. Where is he?"

"Down the road—a matter of ten miles or so—leastwise, he war thar this morning," replied one of the men.



"Any news?" asked a half dozen at once.

"Yes," he replied. "Night before last General Wayne stormed the fort at Stony Point and captured it, with the whole garrison of six hundred men."

"Do you know that to be true?"

"Yes; I was there."

"Glory—glory! Hurrah for Wayne!" and the men yelled like lunatics.

Over a hundred men came pouring out of the woods to hear the news, and when they got it they yelled themselves hoarse.

"Who'll go with me to find General Putnam?" asked the spy. "I must find him at once."

A dozen volunteered at once, and off they went at a galloping pace. About sunrise they came up with General Putnam, who was rallying the militia to repel the invasion of Connecticut the second time by the odious Governor Tryon.

"Ah, Luke!" said the brave old hero, grasping his hand. "What news have you?"

"Dispatches from General Washington," replied Luke, handing the papers to the general.

As he read the news of Wayne's brilliant victory at Stony Point a genial smile came over his bronzed features.

"This is good news," he said, "and I will see that our men shall know of it at once," and turning to his aides, he repeated it to them, saying:

"Go tell the boys, and let them know that we can whip the invaders whenever we meet them."

The news created the wildest enthusiasm among the men. It spread like wildfire, and the hardy yeomanry rushed forward to repel the infamous Tryon. They tried to save New Haven and Norwalk, but the 2,500 trained soldiers of Britain were too strong for them. They turned the towns and committed many dastardly acts. Still the militia made it so hot for them, shooting down every straggler and contesting every inch of ground, that they were compelled to return to their shipping after a week of horror. The mark of fire and sword was left behind them. But they suffered severely, as many a redcoat was made to bite the dust. The spy remained with General Putnam during the week, fighting everywhere in the hottest places. Joe Winn stood shoulder to shoulder with him, winning golden opinions by his dash and bravery.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Crossing the Line.

"Now, Joe," said the spy, after the last redcoat had quit the shores of Connecticut, "I've got to go to New York and see what I can learn there of the next movement the enemy is going to make."

That afternoon they set out for Stamford, which they reached about sunset.

"We will stop here till to-morrow morning," said the spy, "and get a good rest for ourselves and our horses."

"But where will we stop?" asked Joe.

"At Farmer Goodrich's, just on the outside of the town."

And Luke forthwith led the way to the old farmer's place. They stayed overnight, then took leave of the family and started off toward New York. Late in the afternoon they reached Jacob Edgeworth's, a patriot farmer, and found the family all well.

Mary Edgeworth greeted them with smiles of welcome, and with her mother prepared a hearty meal for them. After dark they set out afoot to get across the picket lines of the enemy. Luke carried with him a wig and beard to match, as there were many in the city who knew him well.

"Now, Joe," he said, as they neared the lines, "remember that more can be accomplished by cunning in a thing of this kind than by hard fighting. Promise to be guided by me in everything we do, and all will be well."

"I promise you that, Luke," replied Joe readily.

"There is the line—I saw a bayonet in the starlight just then. Down—down on your knees and hands!"

Down on hands and knees they dropped, and then commenced slowly creeping forward, moving so cautiously that not a leaf was disturbed or twig broken. They were nearly a half hour advancing thirty paces, but they neared the line close enough to hear the steps of the sentry. Luke drew his knife, held it with his teeth, and crouched like a tiger ready to spring upon his prey. The doomed sentinel approached, and the next moment the spy sprang upon him with a swift, panther-like spring, and bore him to the earth. The British sentry scarcely knew what had attacked him. His death was certainly a quick one, and he died without being able to give any alarm to his unsuspecting comrades.

"Come—be quick!" whispered Luke to Joe, who was near at hand, ready for any emergency. "Follow me as fast as you can."

"Go ahead," replied Joe, in a whisper; "I'll keep up with you."

Luke then crept forward through the bushes, with the noiseless tread of an Indian, Joe following close behind him. They were soon a considerable distance inside the lines. When about a mile and a half nearer the city proper, they came out of the bushes into the old Bloomingdale road. They pressed forward, and in a few hours they entered the city. Everything was very quiet, but the spy knew where to go for both food and shelter. In Greenwich street lived an old patriot to whom he resolved to go, fearing that the house of an old Quaker, Jehial Monson, might be watched by the enemy since his last visit to the city.

"Do you know the man, Luke?" Joe asked.

"Yes; and he will know my signal," replied Luke, "for he is one of the Sons of Liberty."

"Ah! he is, eh? Well, go on, then."

The spy walked boldly up to the front door and gave several loud raps.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice from a window overhead.

"Open in the king's name"—bang!

One decisive knock on the door immediately after pronouncing "king's name" was the signal. In another minute they heard the door being unfastened on the inside.

"Enter, and welcome," said a pleasant voice, as the door opened.

They entered, and the door was closed and securely fastened behind them.

"Who are you?" asked the owner of the house, holding up a small lantern so as to throw its rays of light into the faces of the two spies. "I don't know your faces."



"No, I reckon you don't," said the spy, with a dry chuckle.

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Luke Laugham," was the quiet reply.

The host grasped Luke's hand, and also welcomed Joe Winn.

"Where have you two come from?" he asked.

"We have come from Connecticut, where we have been fighting that infamous Tryon and his redcoats."

"Any news from Washington?"

"Oh, yes. Have you heard from Stony Point?"

"We heard that the British had evacuated the fort, and then it was whispered about that the patriots had captured it."

"Well, that whispering was right. General Wayne captured the fort and every man in it."

"Glory be to God!" fervently exclaimed the old patriot.

"Now, tell me," said Luke, "if any changes have taken place here since my last visit to the city? Where is my good friend, Jehial Monson?"

"In prison," was the quiet reply.

"In prison? What for?"

"For harboring a spy about your size."

"Why, what proof have they against him?"

"Sergeant Graham said——"

"Sergeant Graham!" exclaimed Luke, interrupting him excitedly. "Why, I thought he was dead!"

"So he was—almost," said the patriot, quietly. "He survived, though, losing an arm, and told all about his fight with you."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the spy, astonished at the news. "I thought I had finished him. He must have as many lives as a cat."

"He's a tough one," remarked the host.

"Yes. Where is Sarah Monson?"

"At her home, and she never lets an opportunity pass to give the redcoats a piece of her mind."

"Poor Sarah! I must see her before I leave the city. If you will give us a room we will go to bed, as we are very tired."

"Oh, yes—certainly," and the patriot host led the way upstairs to a very neatly furnished room with one bed in it.

## CHAPTER XV.—The British Sergeant.

"Can't you do something toward getting some of our friends out of prison before we leave," Joe asked, taking a pillow and blanket from the bed and placing them on the floor.

"Thunder, no! They've got 'em all in a big prison ship," replied Luke.

"That's for the soldiers," said Joe. "But I've heard that they've got hundreds of suspected persons in an old tobacco factory, and I guess that's where they are keeping Mr. Monson and old man Waddy."

"That's so," remarked the spy, "and I'll look after that to-morrow."

They then retired, Joe rolling himself in a blanket on the floor, and Luke taking the bed.

The next morning they both arose early and went down to breakfast with the host. Luke put on his red wig and beard, and after breakfast went out on the street, accompanied by Joe. Pass-

ing headquarters they saw Sergeant Graham, who had only one arm now, standing by the entrance. Luke could not but respect the daring fellow, for he was as brave a man as ever drew sword.

Luke had had a fight with the sergeant early in the war and thought at the time that he had given him his deathblow. But here he was in the flesh, with the loss of one arm.

"How did you lose your arm, sir?" Luke asked, stopping and tipping his hat to Graham.

"In a fight with Laughing Luke, the rebel spy," replied the sergeant.

"Oh, yes, I heard about that," said Luke, "but didn't dream that I'd ever seen you. That 'ere pesky rebel is a hard case, isn't he?"

"The worst man in the rebel army," replied the sergeant, "the hardest fighter they've got."

"Did you hurt him any?"

"I don't know. He cut me down and then ran away in the dark. When I came to I was all alone and nearly dead."

"He's a bad 'un," said Luke. "Won't you come and have a glass of ale with us?"

"Yes—the king's health in a foaming cup," answered the sergeant, going with them to a tavern near by.

Inside the tavern were a number of soldiers and well-known Tories. Luke, Joe and the sergeant went in, called for ale and drank the king's health in foaming mugs. Then several other mugs were disposed of, and the generous beverage began to work on Joe. It was evident that he was not used to drinking. Luke resolved to get away from the tavern at once, and framed an excuse to do so. To his surprise, Sergeant Graham went with them. But he was convinced that Graham knew nothing to excite suspicion in his mind regarding his identity.

"I say, sergeant," said the spy, as they strolled out on the street together, "there is a little bit of romance in the city prison which I will tell you about if you will promise me not to say anything about it."

"Romance!" exclaimed the daring Briton. "Of course I won't say anything about it. What is it?"

"Well, you see," said the spy, "our people here are divided about the war. Some are for the king, and others are rank rebels."

"Yes, yes—that's so," said Graham, whom the old English ale he had drank made exceedingly sociable.

"Now, I am for the king first, last and always, but I can't say as much for all my people. I have a cousin, as sweet a girl as ever lived, who loved a rebel to distraction. She couldn't bear to be away from him, so she dressed herself up in soldier's clothes, and enlisted in the rebel army with him. But she was taken prisoner at Verplanck's Point, along with her lover, and is now in the old tobacco house prison with him."

"By George, is that so?" exclaimed Graham, almost beside himself with eager excitement.

"Yes," said the spy, "but remember your promise of secrecy."

"Oh, yes, that's all right. Would you know her in soldier's clothes?"

"Yes, if I could see her teeth. Unless they have been knocked out I would know her if she were blacked up like an African."



"By George, we'll make 'em all laugh—I'll get a permit to see every man in the prison. I'm interested in such a romantic thing. Come on!"

He was as good as his word, and procured a permit which gave them admission to the prison. Two grim sentinels, with loaded muskets, guarded the door.

Luke halted just inside the door, and glanced around at the misery that was plainly depicted on the faces of the hundreds crowded in there, until his heart throbbed with indignation. He wished for power to crush the proud oppressor with a single blow and set them free. But he knew he must bide his time.

"Come, let's walk through and see if you can recognize her," said Graham.

They walked through the host of half-starved prisoners. Luke saw Jehial Monson there, and Waddy, the father of Winnie whom he loved, and who had promised to be his wife. Of course, they didn't know him with his flaming red hair and beard.

But Joe walked up alongside of old Waddy, and whispered:

"Keep up with us and watch your chance."

The stern old man's eyes brightened at once. He, with several others, kept close up behind the spy and his companion.

"I don't see the girl here," said Luke in a whisper, "though I noticed several men about her size. Can't we get them up around us some way, and get them to talking and laughing?"

"We can try it, though they are far from looking merry. Hang 'em, I'll make 'em laugh."

Luke led the way around near the door where the two guards stood, and called out:

"Come up, men; I've got some good news for you!"

In an instant there was a rush toward them, crowding eagerly on and over each other to hear what the good news could be.

"What is it—what is it?" arose on all sides.

"You can all be free men within an hour by taking the oath of——"

"Oh, oh!" arose in a prolonged chorus from the prisoners.

"Call that good news!" cried a disgusted prisoner in the crowd. "I'd rot here before I'd take the oath of allegiance to King George!"

"So would I."

"And I—and I!" from all sides.

"Now, I really think you are all very foolish," Luke said, turning to the prisoners.

"Oh, you were born a redcoat!" cried a voice in the crowd, at which there was a general laugh.

Luke instantly seized the opportunity to set them laughing. He chuckled, then laughed. Those around him laughed louder and heartier, till the entire party, including Graham and the two guards, were roaring. Luke got nearer to the guards and did his best. They both dropped their muskets and doubled up with convulsive laughter.

"Laughing Luke, by the eternal George Washington!" muttered Old Waddy, recognizing the racket at once. The next moment he slipped between the two guards unperceived.

"Stop laughing, Jehial, and get out—quick!" whispered Luke to the old Quaker patriot, and then resumed the laugh.

"Yea, verily," muttered the old Quaker, "I will

laugh myself out of existence if I don't leave," and in another moment he, too, was out, walking leisurely away toward his own home.

After about a dozen had gotten away Luke suddenly stopped laughing. By degrees the prisoners quieted down—the two guards wiped their eyes, and hastily took up their muskets.

"I don't see her here," said Luke to Graham, who was still shaking with merriment. "Is there no other place where prisoners are kept?"

"There is the prison ship," said Graham, "but I hope she has not been sent there."

"So do I. I am quite sure she is not here."

"Maybe she didn't laugh any?"

"I don't know about that. It seems to me that everybody laughed," said Joe. "I never laughed so much in my life."

"That was a good joke—the idea that I was born a redcoat," and the spy laughed again, as they passed out of the prison to the street.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Crossing the Lines Again.

The sun was sinking behind the hills of New Jersey when the spy and his two companions left the famous prison where many a patriot died for his country. They went up the street to a tavern, and there had two or three more drinks together, and then parted, agreeing to go to the prison-ship the next day, and make further search for the misguided girl who had followed her lover into captivity.

"Now, Joe," said the spy, as soon as they were alone, "they'll find out this little game as soon as they call the roll to-morrow morning. We must get away to-night."

Luke hastened to the old Quaker's residence. He found Jehial fixing up to leave town under cover of darkness.

"Verily, Luke, thou art a man of infinite wit. I knew thy laugh, and took the hint."

"I am glad you did, Jehial," said Luke, returning the hearty grasp of the old Quaker. "Where are the others, Jehial?"

"The man Waddy will be here when it is dark to pilot the way to a place of safety," replied Jehial.

"Good. I will be on hand. We couldn't get a better pilot anywhere."

Luke hastened back to Joe and reported how matters stood. As soon as it was well dark—and, fortunately for the patriots, it was a very dark night—Luke and Joe set out to join the party at Jehial Monson's residence. They found eleven then there, who came in one by one.

After agreeing upon the plan of escape, they went out one by one, to meet at the back of the garden. They then started off toward the upper part of the city, keeping well together, as only a few of them had any arms.

By keeping in the bushes near the roadside, they reached the picket line about midnight.

"Now all of you sit down here under this big tree," said Luke, in a whisper, just loud enough for them all to hear, "an' Waddy and I will go on and see how the guards are placed."

Joe had given Waddy his knife and one of his pistols, so the brave old man was ready for any



emergency. They soon came in sight of the grim sentinel pacing to and fro on his post.

"Go back and bring 'em here," whispered Waddy, "and I'll take care of that fellow out there."

Luke crept back to where they were waiting, and whispered:

"Follow me as quietly as you can."

They needed no second invitation. They followed as quietly as grim shadows, till they reached the spot where old Waddy was crouching like a panther before the fatal spring. On the sentinel's return, a dark form arose and clutched him by the throat. The next moment a knife was plunged to the hilt in his breast, and he sank down on his beat, another victim to the insane attempt to crush out the liberties of America.

"Come!" whispered Luke, darting forward across the line, followed by Joe, Jehial and the others.

In another minute they were safely across, and were pushing through the woods as fast as the darkness and the nature of the ground would permit.

"Now follow as fast as you can," Luke said, and in two hours more he had them all at Farmer Edgeworth's house.

The household were aroused, and the surprised old farmer told them he had but one little boat concealed in the bushes on the river bank.

"That will do," said Luke. "Waddy and I can soon set the whole party on the other side with it."

Farmer Edgeworth went down to the river and showed them where his little boat was. He then hastened back home to escape any consequences that might ensue from the attempt to cross the river. Waddy and Luke soon had the boat out, and five men entered it. The other five were to wait for the return of the boat. In little over a half hour they were safely landed on the other side. They pushed on toward Farmer Harris', where Waddy said he could procure several horses, as his daughter Winnie was there.

"I ought to push on and report to General Washington," said Luke, "but as I have nothing of importance to report I'll go with you. Maybe Winnie would like to see me."

"Maybe you would like to see Winnie, too," said Joe, laughing heartily.

It was after sunrise ere they reached Farmer Harris' place. All were tired and footsore except old Waddy, Luke and Joe. The old farmer was astonished at seeing them.

"Where's Winnie?" asked Waddy, looking around as if expecting every moment to feel his child's arm about his neck.

"She went away to visit some friends in Connecticut several weeks ago," replied the farmer.

"Did she say where she was going?" Waddy asked.

"Only to visit friends in Connecticut."

"That's as long as a string," muttered the spy. "Have you any friends or relations in Connecticut, Waddy?"

"Yes, scores of 'em," replied the old man, "but hang me if I know which one she has gone to."

"Well, that's too bad," and the spy had a look of intense disappointment on his face.

"Yes," assented Waddy, "she'll write to us somewhere, though, I guess. She thought I was

gone for the war, so she turned away to find another home among her friends. The girl never does anything wrong, Luke Laugham."

"I know it, and the man who says she does will have Luke Laugham to fight."

"And her old father, too," added the old patriot.

Farmer Harris and his good wife prepared a hot breakfast for the half-famished patriots. Never did men eat so heartily, and with almost every mouthful they called down blessings on the head of the daring spy who had so successfully laughed them out of prison. Jehial Monson concluded to go to Pennsylvania, where he had relatives, and remain there until he could get his wife through the lines. Waddy and the others made up their minds to go with Luke to Washington's headquarters. This being understood, the spy mounted a fleet horse, and set out for headquarters. Joe remained to accompany the others. Luke reported to the commander-in-chief that the British were evacuating Rhode Island, and concentrating all their forces in New York City.

"Are they concentrating their fleet there?" the general asked.

"Yes, your excellency, and many a vessel they have, too."

One day the commander-in-chief said to him:

"I am satisfied that the enemy is preparing to strike a blow somewhere. I am utterly in the dark as to his designs. You have never failed me, Mr. Laugham, and now I must ask you to risk your life for your country again."

"Your excellency will please understand that I am ready to do that at any time," replied Luke, in a modest tone, hat in hand.

"But are you willing to go back to New York so soon after your visit there?"

"If your excellency thinks it necessary I am perfectly willing to go."

"You know then just what is required. Go, and may Heaven grant your safe and speedy return," and the great man extended his hand to the spy. It was the first time General Washington had shown him so much favor and consideration, and he felt almost overpowered. He would have been willing then to charge upon a whole regiment of the enemy if the great commander had but given the order to do so.

Luke met Joe as he came out of the headquarters, and told him of his mission. Joe insisted on going with him. After sunset they mounted fleet horses and set out for the river, which they reached after three hours' hard riding. They found a boat near Farmer Harris', and succeeded in crossing over without being discovered. They crept through the bushes and found that the picket line had been strengthened—two men on each post, each facing in the opposite direction from the other, and so near together that it seemed impossible to pass unperceived across the line into the bushes beyond. They managed it, however, and soon struck a line of march for the city, which they reached before daylight. Luke's password as a "Son of Liberty" soon admitted him into the house of the old patriot where he stopped on the previous visit.

"Oh, is it you?" exclaimed the old patriot, laughing good-naturedly, as he grasped the hand of the spy. "I am glad to see you. How are our friends getting along since they got out of prison?"



"Oh, very well, I believe," replied Luke. "How is my friend Graham?"

The old patriot laughed.

"It leaked out the next morning that Waddy, Monson and ten others had escaped from the prison, and after a while it leaked out that you had been there and laughed 'em out. You never heard such swearing in all your life as that man Graham did. Then they offered five hundred pounds reward for you, dead or alive, and now all the Tories and redcoats are ready to shoot down any man they hear laughing."

They retired to get some much needed rest, and it was late in the day when they woke up. They donned their disguises, went out, and succeeded in gathering much information before they returned to the old patriot's home. When they had eaten a meal with the old patriot who entertained them, they bade him good-by and started out to return to the American camp. Ere the sun arose they were on the Jersey side of the river making toward the patriot camp as fast as they could. When they reached their horses they rode like John Gilpin, as the spy had important information for the commander-in-chief. Washington at once divined the designs of the enemy. Sir Henry Clinton was going to leave New York and make a descent on the southern coast. Events within the next two weeks proved the correctness of his judgment, as both Charleston and Savannah were menaced and attacked by Sir Henry Clinton with a large land and naval force. The theatre of war was transferred to the South during the winter (1779-'80), where it raged with barbaric fury, leaving the army in the North but little to do. Washington went into winter quarters at Morristown, and Luke obtained a leave of absence to go in search of Winnie Waddy.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Conclusion.

Luke's trip was not to be one of long duration, as an order came to him at New Haven to report at once at headquarters. He and Joe had been two weeks traveling about Connecticut without hearing anything of the young girl. They returned only to find that Washington desired him to undertake the most dangerous mission he had ever yet performed. He never flinched, and cheerfully went into the very jaws of death. Joe accompanied him, and at one time saved his life, for which Luke swore eternal friendship. We will now skip over two years of his career, during which time Joe shared every danger with him. The scene of war had shifted to Virginia, where Washington and the good Lafayette had combined to crush the British army under Cornwallis at Yorktown. Luke had been again to New York to watch the British army. He reported faithfully, and upon his information Washington planned the famous campaign that ended at Yorktown. Cornwallis fortified himself at Yorktown, hoping that Sir Henry Clinton would come from New York and raise the siege. After waiting and fighting several days he began to grow desperate, and Luke, as the most sagacious spy in the allied armies, was sent into his lines to watch their movements. Joe insisted on going, too. Luke objected.

"Better one die than two," said the spy.

"Better two go and come than for one to die," replied Joe, and Luke let him have his own way.

They were to be chased up to the enemy's picket lines, where they were to claim protection as deserters from Washington's army. It was done, and our two heroes rushed pell-mell into the arms of the enemy, who opened fire on their pursuers and drove them back.

"What are they after you for?" demanded the British officer in command of the line.

"We deserted," replied Luke.

"Why did you desert?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Because we never were really rebels at heart, and because our relations are all loyal. We are tired of fighting in a hopeless cause, and want to get protection where we won't have to fight any more."

"Well, are you not willing to fight for the king?"

"Oh, if we have to fight, we had rather fight for the king," replied Joe.

They were carried into the presence of Lord Cornwallis, who questioned them closely. He was in good spirits, confident of victory, and receiving hundreds of recruits daily. Sending them away, he ordered that they be closely watched. He then made preparations to cross over to Gloucester and then retreat toward New York. Luke tried to get away and carry the news to Washington, but it was utterly impossible to do so. The lines were short, and closely guarded. But Joe, daring and reckless of danger, made the attempt, was wounded and captured. The attempt to cross was frustrated by a storm, which rose as suddenly as it was unexpected, and rendered a crossing impossible. As soon as Luke saw that Joe was wounded and a prisoner he tried to get away, as it was death to remain. He was again frustrated, and the next day was arrested as a spy.

"Luke," said Joe, "I've something to tell you before——"

"Get along with you!" growled the soldier, "or I'll run you through with my bayonet!" and so they were separated for the night, to be brought out to the place of execution at sunrise the next day.

But during the night the fire from the patriots became too hot for them to remain in that locality. They had to move to a more secure spot. In moving Joe and Luke met again.

"Luke," whispered Joe. "we may never see each other again; I want to tell you that I love you better than my own soul, and only regret that I cannot die to save you."

"Good God, Joe, you are——"

Surrounded as he was by bristling bayonets, Luke sprang forward, clasping her in his arms and covering her face with kisses.

"Winnie—Winnie!" he cried, "why didn't you tell me it was you? How often have your eyes and voice reminded me of my love, but your dyed skin, short hair and masculine dress deceived me! I have found you only to lose you!"

Negotiations for a surrender saved them from the fate that threatened them, and the next day they were surrendered with the British army.

Next week's issue will contain "FROM GUTTER TO GOVERNOR; or, THE LUCK OF A WAIF."



## CURRENT NEWS

## MONKEY BITES A KING

King Alexander, who has been suffering for several days from a monkey bite received when he went to the rescue of his pet dog, who was being worsted in a battle with the simian, is in a very critical condition.

He had two attacks of fever, it is stated, and intestinal complications and jaundice are declared to have set in.

## BUYS MONEY MACHINE

Dazzled with stories that he would become a second Ponzi in no time, Bertholen Fargo, a Hungarian living at Elliott Heights, Bethlehem, Pa., drew all his savings (\$2,800) from a local bank and handed it over to two smooth-talking strangers for a money making machine which they were exhibiting.

Then Fargo suddenly woke up to the fact that he had been fleeced and hurried to police headquarters, where he exhibited some pieces of paper the size of bills and several boards, which were all he had to show for his money.

## FOUND DIAMONDS, LOST MAID

Mrs. Joseph Maher, of Rockville Centre, L. I., did not lose her diamond as she had supposed, but lost her maid. It happened this way:

Mrs. Maher left three diamond rings, valued at over \$1,500, on a washstand the other afternoon a few minutes before her colored maid, Rena Fisher, left the house. When Mrs. Maher could not find the diamonds Chief of Police Bacon was summoned. He was in the house when the maid came back. She denied knowing anything of the rings, but was taken before Justice John S. Thorp, who fixed bail in \$2,500.

As a former employer in Garden City was bailing the maid out word came that the diamonds had been found. Invited by her former employer to return to his household, she quit the Maher family.

## NEW CHECKERS CHAMPION IN AMERICA

J. F. Herr of Buffalo, N. Y., is the new American checker champion. He succeeded to the title—held until his death last February by the late Hugh Henderson of Pittsburgh—in the American Checker Association's fourth annual major tournament just concluded at Cedar Point, a Lake Erie shore summer resort near Sandusky, Ohio.

Herr gained the tournament final by defeating Alfred Jordan of Los Angeles, Cal., former British champion, who had been picked by 90 per cent. of the experts attracted by the Cedar Point meet to win the American title.

The New Yorker and the Californian played twenty-one games, each of which resulted in a draw before in the twenty-second the former gained an advantage that netted him his win. The two were opposed fourteen hours and twenty minutes.

In the final Herr disposed of J. P. Bradford of Cleveland, high man of the opposing group, in easy fashion.

## BUYING LIBERTIES FOR KEEPS

The present Liberty Bond situation is commented on by Mr. Frank McLain, Financial Editor, in the Philadelphia Press as follows:

"The whole list of Liberty Bonds may now be bought upon the same principle that investment was made in a small way in War Savings Stamps. The stamps were bought below par with a view of having them paid at par at maturity. So now the Liberty Bonds may be bought far below par and if they are held to maturity the holder will get one hundred cents on the dollar. Take the Fourth Liberty 4 1-4s which are selling below 84.

"An investment of say \$840 now will in 1938 bring a payment of \$1,000 and in addition, the bond will pay annually \$42.50 as interest and if this interest is deposited when the coupons are clipped so that it will be compounded there will be another \$1,000 accumulated by the time the Liberty Bond matures. Some parents are making an investment of this kind for very young children so that by the time they reach the age of 21 years they will have \$2,000 of capital available which grew out of an investment of \$840 by the parents.

"If the heads of 32,000,000 families in the United States would adopt this course the question of the public absorbing the funded debt would be solved."

## GIRL WINS SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION

Miss Dorothy E. Holloway of Williamsport, Pa., is the first woman to win a scholarship established under auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The award has just been announced by Mrs. Robert Clinton Wright, chairman of Department No. 3, Pennsylvania Railroad Women's Division for War Relief.

The scholarship was established this year to commemorate the work done during the world war by the members of Department No. 3 in making surgical dressings for the American troops, and also as a memorial to the men of the freight traffic department of the Pennsylvania Railroad who gave their lives for their country in the conflict.

Under the terms of the scholarship, the winner, Miss Holloway, is entitled to pursue any course at the University of Pennsylvania to which women are admitted. She has chosen the general educational course.

The competition was open to sons and daughters of present or deceased employees of the freight traffic department of the Pennsylvania system and to the sons and daughters of members of Department No. 3.

Miss Holloway, who is 17 years old, was born in Williamsport and was graduated from the high school in that city, where she received marked recognition for scholarship. Her father, William H. Holloway, has been in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Williamsport since 1874. He is at present chief clerk to W. G. Spangle, division freight agent, at Williamsport.



# CHARLIE CHAPMAN'S COURAGE

—OR—

## THE BOY WHO TOOK CARE OF HIS MOTHER

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued)

Charlie dismounted and walked along.

"Bess Mallory, Frances' cousin from New York, has come up to spend a few weeks in the country. She's a pretty girl, and you can just tease Frances if you want to. Why don't you hurry back and hitch up Frances' horse, side-saddle, and take the girl out riding down the river road?"

The old fat judge howled with glee at the project.

"Judge, you are an unnatural father, but blamed if I don't take you at your word."

Charlie leaped upon Black Nell, and sped back to the house. He yelled to Jim, the judge's darky coachman, to saddle the daughter's horse, and Jim knew when to obey.

"Now, for the girl question," said Charlie, and he hurried to the door. "Where is Miss Bess?"

The judge had reached home by this time, and he had already tipped the pretty city girl off. She was the kind of girl who could ride any sort of a steed, and she went into the lark with merri-ment.

"Well, hyah's yoh hoss!" cried Jim, bringing Frances' own steed around.

Bess Mallory did not wait to don a riding habit, but sprang lightly to the saddle, and rode it side-fashion in a way which was very becoming, for she was a handsome girl.

"A fine sight!" exclaimed the old judge, as he smiled at the two rides. "Now, you go it for that river road, and just make the youngsters sit up and take notice."

Down the river road they galloped, with many a merry laugh and shout, for Charlie was full of good spirits, and he was confident that he could cause Frances a little revival of interest.

And to tell the truth, Charlie was human, and the other girl was a beauty, although of a different style, with dark hair and eyes, while Frances was a blonde.

Her hair became loosened and she rode ahead with a black cloud of curls floating behind her.

They galloped along, until at last they came to the old covered bridge, where the road crossed over the stream.

They had just emerged from this, when the girl gave a cry of terror.

Ahead of them, and coming straight toward them with terrific speed, around a bend in the roadway, was a buggy which was swinging from side to side.

The girl pulled her horse back on its haunches to give free way to the runaway steed, which

plunged madly forward, with reins flying in air.

In the seat sat Frances Cromley and Lew Henlon, helplessly waiting for the catastrophe which seemed certain.

"Let them go by," cried Charlie, backing Black Nell away from the roadway. The runaway horse, however, seemed to think it was running into some sort of trap, for it suddenly swerved and sent the buggy spinning down the steep bank.

The girl screamed; as it seemed a fatal tumble.

The two occupants of the buggy were sent into the water, which surged in deeply near that bank of the river.

"I must save them!" cried Charlie, galloping toward the scene of the accident.

Reining in he dismounted from his horse and took a flying leap into the river.

### CHAPTER X.

#### Charlie's Fight for Two Under Water.

It was dangerously deep along here, as Charlie surmised.

But wise swimmer that he was, he did not wish to chance a broken neck by diving into a possible shallow place in the stream.

He sank down, and it needed his great strength to breast the current along this particular part of the stream, for here it swirled and curved along a jutting portion of steep bank.

He came to the surface, puffing but steady, and he swam a few strokes against the river's rush.

"Now for a dive to rescue Frances," he thought. "And it's a desperate chance at that."

Under the surface he went, and shot downward to the muddy ground far below the surface.

The first object he struck was a human body tangled in a lot of underbrush which had become waterlogged and had somehow or other lodged in the earth beneath the river's flow.

The young fellow fumbled about, and discovered that it was the figure of Frances Cromley, for the heavy skirts were tangled in the branches of the sunken shrubs.

"Here, now for a tug," he thought, as he grimly held his breath, under the pressure of the water, and pulled as hard as he could.

It was a difficult task.

His lungs seemed to be bursting, for it is hard enough to stay under water under the best of circumstances.

He was exhausting his strength.

Charlie was nerved to sacrifice anything and everything for the girl he loved, however.

He reached down again, and discovered that her hands had instinctively clenched themselves in the delirium of a drowning person about the heaviest branch of the underwater shrubbery.

This was the cause of the difficulty, and Charlie roughly—although he hated to do so—pulled the fingers apart from this deathly grip.

He had no difficulty in wrenching the girl's body loose now.

"At last!" he thought, almost powerless from his exertion, as they came to the surface together. It was done in an instant, though it takes time to tell it.

(To be continued.)



## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

---

### LAST BUFFALO HERD ROAMS M'KENZIE BASIN

A herd of wild bison, numbering more than 1,000 animals, said to be the last herd on the American continent, has been discovered roaming in the country of the McKenzie River basin. F. H. Kitto, exploring engineer of the National Resources Intelligence Branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, is the discoverer, and he states that he received reports of another herd, equally as large, further north.

### BEST BOY

Wesley Sheldon, of Ashburnham, Mass., aged twelve, is said to be the best boy in the United States, according to farm bureau officials.

In three months Wesley made fifty-eight loaves of bread in nineteen bakings; did seventy-six hours of housework; spent forty-eight hours running errands for his mother. In addition to this he found time to deliver 124 papers nightly; go to school; make a cake or two and sometimes biscuits; wash dishes, play baseball; take long rides through the hills on his bicycle; go swimming frequently. Despite his housewifely talents, Wesley is all boy, red headed, freckled and full of pep. He can twist a curve over the plate better than any of the neighborhood sandlot ball players, and he is saving his money to go to college.

### MAN RETURNS

A man came to Salem, Ill., the other day announcing himself as Ledwick or Lederidge of South America. A number of the older citizens were positive that he was Presley Goodnow, absent from Salem twenty-eight years. The stranger, however, maintained he was a distant relative of Presley. His purpose in coming, he said, was to settle an old estate.

Several days later Judge Charles N. Goodnow came down from Chicago and recognized the stranger as his brother Presley and then the latter laughingly admitted that he was Presley and accompanied the Judge to Chicago.

Presley said he had been traveling in foreign countries since his disappearance. His mother, who had refused to believe that he was dead, died a few months ago. The last heard here from Presley before his disappearance was a letter in which he stated that his partner in Arizona was ill and that he feared he too would become ill.

### WOMEN OF MYSTERY HAUNT CENTRAL EUROPE

The swarm of mysterious women who have appeared in the capitals of central and eastern Europe have begun to attract the speculative attention of the Vienna newspapers.

Perfectly dressed and nearly always of more than ordinary beauty, they seem to travel unhindered over frontiers where the average traveler is treated as a suspect. On crowded trains

with the most limited first class accommodations, usually taking a week to secure, they always have the choice compartments at a moment's notice, and in hotels with long waiting lists in Warsaw, Prague, Vienna, Belgrade, Bucharest and other cities they find rooms waiting them.

They travel from country to country on smoothed ways and frontiers present no terrors to them.

The newspaper belief is that they are principally smugglers of valuables and securities and foreign money under high protection, if they are not spies or both.

Even a first class hotel in Vienna has its coterie of these mysterious persons who come and go irregularly and can be seen first in one city and then in another.

### PREHISTORIC MOSQUITOES IN AMBER

Nearby States have long suffered the opprobrium of producing large crops of vicious mosquitoes, but happily that notoriety is diminishing through the use of modern methods for their extermination. If the improvement continues there is ground for believing that it will be necessary to visit a museum to find out what the insects looked like.

There are specimens still to be found, however, and some were recently discovered in a very unusual manner. In New York, on the most famous street in the world, is a curio shop where among other strange things sold as souvenirs are small pieces of amber cut into squares and rectangles of different thickness and suggesting diminutive blocks of brown sugar.

The odd feature about these little pieces of amber is that each one contains an insect, preserved in the amber and so nicely displayed that it is almost uncanny to see them delicately poised in the glassy, translucent material.

Every one knows in a general way that amber is a rosin found in the ground of various localities bordering the Baltic Sea. Perhaps it is not so well known that its origin was similar to the gum that exudes from cherry trees; but amber belongs to a bygone age and the trees that produced it disappeared long ago. The vegetable origin is proved by its being found with coal, or fossil wood, and also by the insects found in it.

In some of the specimens insects with wings and legs separated from the bodies would seem to indicate their struggles to free themselves from the then viscous fluid. As more gum exuded the insects would become completely encased, and as such gums are aromatic and therefore preservative against decay, trees, gum and insects have become buried in the earth by convulsions of nature and fossilized in time by geological processes. The specimens of prehistoric mosquitoes thus preserved bear a striking resemblance to those of to-day.

Amber was known to the ancients, who early discovered its electrical properties; in fact, they named it electron, whence our word electricity.



## STRATEGY

By Paul Braddon

It is a singular thing—one of the most singular in the world—to think of what results hinge on the most trivial circumstances. And in no walk in life is this truth exemplified more frequently than in the detective's profession.

As an instance:

I had of late frequently heard extolled the beauty of a woman bearing the stage name of Lola, who was a singer of ballads at an east side variety theater.

Happening to pass the theater one evening I dropped in just prior to the moment of her appearance. Truly her beauty had not been spoken of in terms of exaggeration. She was, indeed, very beautiful.

At the conclusion of her song a large bouquet was hung on the stage. It came from a private box, in which was seated an elderly man, whose dress and appearance betokened his wealth.

She was recalled and sang again, and I saw her smile an acknowledgment toward the box.

A fancy struck me to see what Lola looked like when off the stage, and I made my way to the stage entrance. I noticed a carriage drawn up near by, and it struck me that it belonged to the gentleman in the box.

I found the stage entrance guarded by a doorman. I was, however, well acquainted with him, and he permitted me to enter, and I posed myself in a position where she must pass near me in going out.

I had not been there long when I heard footsteps slowly drawing near, and voices in low conversation.

"Well, what do you say, Harry?"

"You say he has proposed?"

"Yes."

"He is rich? There isn't any doubt about it?"

"No."

"Then——" he paused sulkily. "I hate to give you up, Lola, even for a week. But I suppose you'd best marry him, though. They say he's got heart disease—and you'll be a rich, young widow before a great while."

"And then it will be plain sailing for us," said the woman. "I'll tell him yes, then."

And with a parting kiss he hung back, allowing Lola to pass out alone, where she was met by James Bristol, a wealthy retired dry goods merchant.

Instantly I comprehended the situation. Bristol had become enamored of Lola and wished to marry her, having no suspicion of her true character, or that this man, Harry Evans, was her lover.

I saw her enter his carriage to be driven to her home.

Thinking it all over that evening in the privacy of my room, I wondered whether I had best attempt to enlighten Bristol.

"Pshaw! I'd be a fool to try it," I at last decided. "She'd swear it wasn't so, and the old fool would believe her in preference to me."

I thought no more of the matter until one day, several week later, when I saw their marriage

announced in the papers. They had been married the day following the conclusion of her engagement.

These circumstances, which the lapse of time had nearly obliterated from my memory, when they were recalled one day, about a year later, by seeing a notice of the death of James Bristol.

He had died of heart disease, the announcement stated.

It would be impossible for me to say why I so far interested myself in the matter as to take the trouble to ascertain the precise circumstances of his death. I had a vague desire to know—that was all the incentive I ever knew.

I learned that Bristol had bought an elegant house and grounds on the boulevard, near Fort Washington. He had been found dead in a small summer house on the grounds by the coachman—stricken down by heart disease.

Wandering about the grounds, I finally approached the stables and struck up a conversation with the coachman.

"I fancy she won't break her heart," he said, referring to Mrs. Bristol.

"Why?"

"Well, she didn't love him any too well," said the loquacious fellow. "He worshipped her, though. There's a younger and better-looking man who comes sometimes that she likes a heap better."

Instantly my thoughts reverted to her old lover, the variety actor—Harry Evans.

"Oh, well," I carelessly said, "that's not anything. There's many a woman who thinks more of another man than her husband. But it doesn't follow that there's anything wrong."

"No," he answered, and then winked knowingly—as much as to say: "But in this case it's different."

"Did you ever see anything out of the way?"

"Not myself. But you must know that the cook and me's a-goin' to be married, and she can be kind o' free, you know, in telling me what goes on in the house; and she says she's seen the same fellow about the house when he shouldn't been—that's all."

Now, all this amounted to nothing. Had I not overheard that short conversation in the theatre, I should not have given this idle gossip a second thought. But the trifling matter of overhearing that short discussion was destined to be the unimportant circumstance on which weighty matters were to hinge.

I determined to obtain a look at the body of Mr. Bristol, and, finding out who his undertaker was, I gained admission, with him, to the house. And I made a discovery.

Less than a week after the burial of Mr. Bristol I saw an advertisement in the paper for a man as coachman, and his wife as cook, inserted by the young widow.

Ha! I can understand this. She wishes to get rid of her old servants and take new ones, who have no idea of what has occurred.

Ten minutes later I was at my house in deep discussion with our cook Kate, an intelligent Irish girl.

Dressed up in her best, and I attired in a very loud suit, we presented ourselves at the residence of Mrs. Bristol. As we entered her presence I thought:



"There's no great sorrow in her face, anyhow."

She had an album in her lap, looking over some picture.

"Ah!" she said, glancing up, "you've come in answer to the advertisement?"

"If you please, mim," I answered, and, stooping, I pretended to pick up from the floor a man's glove, which I extended to her as I said: "Perhaps as how you know the owner. 'Faith but it's stained with something—blood, isn't it?"

She snatched the glove quickly from my hand, glanced at it, and then, recovering her composure, tossed it carelessly on the table beside her. But I saw she never took her eyes from it or gave me a chance to carry it away again.

She questioned Katy and myself at some length. I made myself appear exceedingly stupid, and Katy did the same.

When my work was finished for the day I sat with Katy in the kitchen, pretending to read, but in reality with my ears wide open to hear what transpired about me.

The doorbell rang.

Coming into the kitchen afterward, the waiting maid said it was madam's cousin.

"Her lover," I thought, but said nothing.

I began to furtively eye the girl. It would be next to impossible to take up the espionage I proposed without her being aware of it; and yet I hardly liked to take her into my confidence.

"If you will go to the door in case anybody rings, I'll go to bed," she said to Katy, who, glancing at me, and correctly interpreting my look, answered in the affirmative.

Once she was fairly out of the way I took off my shoes and softly went upstairs. They—Lola and her cousin—were in the sitting-room where I had seen her.

I managed to get near enough to hear what was said, even though they conversed in very low tones.

"You've got your new help?" he said.

"Yes."

"Have you done well?"

"Splendidly, I think," she replied. "They are both as dumb as can be, though they understand their work, and wouldn't tumble if a house fell on them."

"By the way, I have lost one of my gloves. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, here it is."

I peeped through the crack of the partially-opened door and saw him take it eagerly, and a look of relief crossed his face.

"I didn't know what had become of it. Little things, like the losing of this glove, might do us much damage. Halloo, here's a spot on it! Blood! I didn't think he spilled a drop. There was none seen on him?" he said, anxiously.

"No!" she answered. "By the way, Harry, did you get me that new crochet needle?"

"No, but I'll do so to-morrow. Where's the handle?"

"In the workbox in my room."

I waited for no more.

Leaving the house, I hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent a dispatch to headquarters.

In an hour four officers were at my side. I admitted them to the house, and led the way to the sitting-room.

We heard them kiss each other, and when we entered the room suddenly she was sitting beside him, his arms around her waist. They started up at our entrance, and both turned pale.

"John," said Mrs. Bristol, angrily, speaking to me, "what does this mean?"

"Simply, madam, that you and this man here are prisoners."

"How? What for?" she said in faltering tones.

"For murdering your husband!" I sternly said—"for murdering the kind old man who rescued you from a life of misery and shame and made you his wife, unworthy as you were."

Harry Evans at first laughed scornfully and seemed disposed to brave it out. But as he heard my calmly spoken words, and realized that I only spoke what I knew to be the truth, a change took place in him. He never thought of the woman now; he only thought of himself, of how he could escape the penalty of his awful crime.

I saw him glance about him, and towards an open window, and I uttered a few words to my companions.

His face took on a desperate look, he snatched out a revolver and fired two shots point-blank at the officers, and then flung himself headlong through the window.

After him sprang two of the officers. Evans had fallen awkwardly, and lay sprawling on the ground. One of the officers lighted squarely on him, driving the breath from his body, and placing him hors de combat. With the handcuffs on him, he was marched around the house, through the front door, and into the sitting-room again, where one of the two officers was stanching the flow of blood where one of Evans' bullets had entered his companion's shoulder.

The body of Mr. Bristol was exhumed, and a coroner's jury impaneled. And there, while the guilty pair stood by, I sprang the mine, and unraveled the history of their dreadful crime.

"Harry Evans was at your house, Mrs. Bristol, the day of your husband's death. You surreptitiously administered a small quantity of opium to your husband. He complained of feeling sleepy soon after, and you suggested fresh air. He sat down in the summer house, and there fell asleep."

Here I held up the handle of a crochet needle, made of gold and bearing the words:

"Lola; from your husband."

"Gentlemen, you observe that the needle has been broken. See if you can find it in Mr. Bristol's head."

Instantly the defiant manner of Evans vanished. He saw that the game was up.

With a pair of pincers the missing piece of the crochet needle was drawn from the old man's head. The present—the token of love he had given her—had been made the instrument of his death.

While Mr. Bristol was sleeping heavily in the summer house, Evans had plunged the needle into his brain, and then broken it off. The fracture at the point of breaking was peculiar; there could be no doubt that needle and handle belonged to each other.

The glove was proved to be his very easily. It was a brand sold only by A. T. Stewart & Co., and the salesman remembered selling this pair to Evans.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1920.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free....	.07 Cents
One Copy Three Months...	" " ....	.90 Cents
One Copy Six Months.....	" " ....	\$1.75
One Copy One Year.....	" " ....	3.50

**HOW TO SEND MONEY**—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

**HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher.**

166 West 23d St., New York

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## X-RAYS AND THE SHOE

A leading New York store has recently installed an ingenious X-ray outfit which permits its patrons to see just how their feet fit in any pair of shoes. In fact, at a glance the patrons can note the position of the bones of their feet in any given pair of shoes, and in that manner determine whether they are trying the proper last or not.

## PLOUGHED AGAIN FOR LOST POCKET-BOOK

While ploughing a plot of about an acre near his home at Pealertown, Bloomsburgh, Pa., Harry Davis lost a pocketbook containing \$25 in money and some valuable papers. He discovered his loss when he had finished ploughing the field and determined at once that he must have ploughed it under. He at once began ploughing the field over. After he had harrowed it thoroughly he ploughed it a third time. He has failed to recover the lost papers.

## FUEL VALUE OF WOOD

The fuel value of wood has been the subject of more than one discussion and the following therefore may be of interest. A ton of coal may be taken as the equivalent in heating value of one cord of heavy wood, such as hickory, ash, oak, elm, beech, locust, birch, cherry, long-leaf pine, and hard maple. One and a half cords are required of short-leaf pine, Douglas fir, red gum, sycamore, soft maple, and western hemlock to equal a ton of coal, while in the case of cedar, cypress, catalpa, basswood, redwood, poplar, spruce, and white pine, two cords are equivalent to one ton of coal. Resin in wood gives twice as much heat as the wood itself, which accounts for the fact that the pines and firs have more heating power per ton than non-resinous wood.

It is to be understood that fuel value depends not alone upon heating power, but upon rapidity of burning, ease of ignition, minimum smoke, and uniformity in heat. Pines give a quick, hot fire and are consumed more rapidly than birch, birch giving a more intense flame than oak, while oak is noted for the steady heat it produces.

## OPPORTUNITY FOR MARINES TO ENTER U. S. N. A.

A further opportunity for young men in the Marine Corps to enter the U. S. Naval Academy is announced by Secretary Daniels, who has added to the courses offered by the Marine Corps Institute at Quantico, Va., a special naval preparatory course. In the past few years there have been sufficient number of vacancies to accommodate all the young men of the Navy and Marine Corps who were otherwise eligible and who were able to pass the same entrance examination given to Congressional appointees. To be eligible for appointment from the ranks, the applicant must not be under sixteen nor over twenty years of age. The examinations take place each April, and the successful candidates enter the Naval Academy the following June.

## LAUGHS

Spindler—Have any of the machines that Gearing invented made money? Wheeler—Only the last one, and he's sorry enough now that it did. Spindler—How is that? Wheeler—The machine made counterfeit money.

"How does Slithers feel about that chauffeur who ran off with his car and his daughter?" asked Wilkes. "He's mighty grateful," said Bil-dad. "He says the poor idiot relieved him of his two most expensive possessions."

"Betrie," said the hospitable hostess at a Sunday school treat, "won't you eat some more cookies?" "I can't. I'm full!" sighed Bertie. "Well, then, put some in your pockets." "I can't. They're full, too," was the regretful answer.

Small Girl—Why doesn't baby talk, father? Father—He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do. Small Girl—Oh, yes, they do. Job did. Nurse read to me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born!

Teacher: "The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what 'obey' means?" Apt pupil: "Yes, ma'am, I obey my father." Teacher: "Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father." Apt pupil: "'Cause he's bigger'n me!"

Tommy was at a neighbor's, and in response to the offer of a piece of bread and butter, politely said: "Thank you!" "That's right," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say thank you." "Yes, ma told me I must say that if you give me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter."

"Pa, is there any difference between timber and lumber?" "There is no necessary difference in kind, my son; they differ merely in degree or stage of development. For example, a man may be spoken of as good timber for some high office and yet represent nothing but lumber when he gets there."



## INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

### GIRL'S RECORD PEACH PICKING

Leacy Stoops, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stoops, Yuba City, Cal., holds a record for peach picking this season, having picked 100 boxes in 9 1-2 hours in the Phil McNamara orchard, near here. She is twelve years of age. Under favorable conditions an able bodied man picks less than 100 boxes in an equal length of time, growers state. For a girl of twelve to pick approximately two tons of peaches in 9 1-2 hours, which means over ten boxes an hour, is considered quite a feat, and the large number of peach pickers in the country look with envious eyes on the record attained by the girl.

### PORTO RICANS U. S. CITIZENS

All citizens of Porto Rico automatically became citizens of the United States under the provisions of the act of Congress approved March 2, 1917, except 288 who elected not to become American citizens. This fact was made clear to-day by the Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Department, in view of a misconception which seems to exist regarding the citizenship of Porto Ricans.

In order to avoid becoming United States citizens under this law, Porto Ricans were required to appear before a District Court and declare under oath their intention. Out of a population of 1,297,772, only 288 refused to become citizens. Of this number, many have since reconsidered their decision and taken steps to become citizens.

### NO WONDER

An elderly church warden, in shaving himself one Sunday before church time, made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quickly calling his wife, he asked her if she had any court-plaster in the house. "You will find some in my sewing machine basket," she said. The warden soon had the cut covered. At the church, in assisting with the collection, he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed, he asked a friend if there was anything wrong with his appearance. "Well, I should think there is," was the answer. "What is that on your nose?" "Court-plaster." "No," said his friend, "it's the label of a spool of cotton. It says 'Warranted 200 yards long'."

### INVEST YOUR SHEKELS SAFELY OR RUSTLERS WILL GET 'EM

When Bill Hart or Tom Mix or Harry Carey have ramped through four and a half reels, rustling cattle, holding up trains and robbing stage coaches, you may see the redeemed bad man ride into the sunset across the Mexican border while a kind hearted sheriff waves a friendly farewell from the distance. They get away with it in the films. But—

In the days when a cowpuncher earned \$20 a month and when he manicured his nails by scraping the sand out of the bake oven, it was different. If a careless stranger slaughtered somebody else's beef, the owner and his friends usually escorted said stranger beneath a stout cot-

tonwood tree and moved the ground from under him. They took these steps more in sorrow than in anger, for hanging the hustler did not resurrect the dead steer.

Neither rustlers nor human nature has changed much since these days. Now the rustlers run off with your dollars instead of your cows. They work with oil stock prospectuses, promises of fifty percent dividends and assurances of enormous price advances instead of by blotting brands and stampedes. Sooner or later most of them run foul of the law and are captured or chased across the border. But if they have taken your money, putting them in the big stone house at Atlanta or Leavenworth won't bring your dollars back.

Charles Ponzi may be sent to jail but the investors to whom he promised 50 percent profit in three months have received neither money nor profit. Putting Ponzi in jail will not get their money back but putting their money into Liberty Bonds would have kept them from losing it.

If you let your dollars run loose, the rustlers are mighty likely to get at least some of them. The one safe plan is to put them where the rustlers cannot take them from you. So long as you keep your dollars corraled in Liberty Bonds and Government Savings Securities they are safe.

---

"THE WAY TO BECOME A MOVING PICTURE ACTRESS" is in "Moving Picture Stories," No. 326. Get a copy. Price 7 cents; postage free. HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

---

### "MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

SEMI-MONTHLY 10 CENTS A COPY  
— LATEST ISSUES —

- 62 THE VELVET TOUCH, by Julian Darrow.
- 63 THE CLUE OF THE RED LAMP, by Charles Fulton Oursler.
- 64 THE SCHEME OF SOLOMON SNAKE, by William Hamilton Osborne.
- 65 QUICKER THAN THE EYE, by Ralph Cummins.
- 66 THE CLUE IN THE DARK ROOM, by Hamilton Craigie.
- 67 THE TONGUE OF OSIRIS, by Marc Edmund Jones.
- 68 DETECTIVE WADE'S BIG CASE, by Ethel Rosemon.
- 69 THE SPIRIT BELL, by Charles Fulton Oursler.
- 70 THE HOUSE BEHIND THE WALL, by Julian Darrow.

The Famous Detective Story Out To-day in No. 71 Is  
**THE ADMIRAL'S SPOONS**  
By William Hamilton Osborne  
FRANK TOUSEY, Pub., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

### "MOVING PICTURE STORIES"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players  
PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., N. Y.



## GOOD READING

## PAPER MADE FROM BRITISH PEAT

Peat, long used in Great Britain and Ireland as a substitute for coal, now gives considerable promise of taking the place of wood pulp for the manufacture of paper, according to an article in "Popular Mechanics Magazine." Experiments recently conducted in Manchester, England, demonstrated the possibility of making a usable grade of newsprint from bleached peat pulp, and the inventor displayed samples of other papers of various tints, suitable for wall papers, wall-board, wrapping paper, etc. For better grades of stock, it is proposed to mix the peat pulp with wood pulp.

## VAST IRON DEPOSITS FOUND

The finest unworked iron fields in the world have been discovered in the Philippines, according to a report from government experts just received by the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The quantities of ore adjacent to good harbors, they state, will be sufficient to assure the future of iron and steel production in the United States for generations.

Already land believed to contain more than 500,000,000 tons has been surveyed. Deposits on the island of Mindanao are believed to be without a rival. They contain 275,000,000 tons close to good harbors and 130,000,000 tons within easy transportation distance of Daijkin Bay, perhaps the best natural harbor on the islands.

Only crude iron work in primitive smelters is being carried on at present.

## KILLED MANY SEA LIONS

William M. Hunter, known in Astoria, Ore., as "king" of sea lion hunters, recently collected \$880 bounty from the State for 352 sea lion scalps, paid at the rate of \$2.50 each. Bounty is paid on the sea lion because they are considered the Pacific Coast salmon's worst enemy. They gather off the mouth of the Columbia River to prey on fish bound upstream.

Sea lion hunting is dangerous, Hunter says, and he tells of narrow escapes from angry bulls. Seals, he asserts, are not as awkward as they appear, but can travel fast. Recently one chased him over the rocks, but was killed by Hunter's companion before it reached him.

Hunter works from a small launch while at sea. Much of his hunting is done on rocky beaches where seals congregate. He learned his trade—as he terms it—as a mountaineer hunting bear and deer in the Cascade Mountains.

In addition to the Government bounty, Hunter is paid by salmon cannery men for destroying seals. Estimates on the 1919 pack, the rate of the cannery bounty would be about \$2,000 for every 1,000 sea lions killed.

Sea lions destroy the fish by snapping off their heads, it is said. During the salmon running seasons in the spring tons of the fish are victims of the sea lion herds.

## AN ICE CAVE

Two to three feet of ice throughout the cave for its entire length of about one-quarter of a mile was found by Frank E. Spofford, Assistant Supervisor of Surveys, as a result of the investigation he was ordered to make by the Commissioner of the General Land Office of the cave located about twenty-five miles east of Dubois, Fremont County, Idaho.

Mr. Spofford describes the cave as being about thirty feet wide over its whole depth, with a varying height of roof of from five to twenty-five feet. He penetrated its full length and found a great unevenness of the base, evidently caused by falling rocks from the roof.

The country in which the cave occurs is a series of lava beds and the cave is lava formation. There are no stalactites or stalagmites and Mr. Spofford suggests that the ice formations are due to seepage water that has frozen. Ice is present all year. Settlers in the region are taking ice and water from the cave for domestic use.

## SAILS OPEN BOAT IN PACIFIC; MEETS DEATH

Helgar Tortensen, aged mariner, descendant of the Vikings, sleeps in the Pacific Ocean.

Tortensen put out from Seattle, Wash., June 6, in a twenty-two foot open boat. His destination was San Francisco Bay. His purpose was the call of romance and adventure, of an overwhelming desire to sail alone on the Pacific, as his far famed ancestors had cruised the Arctic seas. He had no fear of the high winds and rocky reefs that would beset his path. He knew only the call that he had responded to since his youth. His wife's and friends' protests availed them nothing.

A few days later Tortensen was picked up, against his wishes, and brought to Aberdeen, Wash. But the authorities had no law to prevent this old mariner from sailing as he pleased. So he slipped the moorings, sailed up Puget Sound, through the straits of Juan de Fuca and went out on to the wide, rolling wastes of the Pacific.

Lumber vessels that plied up and down the coast reported seeing a small boat out in the deep channels. The lone pilot refused to answer signals asking if he needed help, they said. And then the word went up and down the coast to watch for Tortensen.

But the Viking lost in his adventure. The end came somewhere out in the vast spaces. That Tortensen fought a game fight, that he sailed bravely is told by the circumstances. His boat was washed up on the shore at Eureka several days ago. The sail was gone, the food supplies were gone; the vessel had been wrecked by the heavy seas of a Pacific storm.

Tortensen, Viking, sails no more. But the story of his brave voyage, of his last cruise on the sea he loved will be spun for years to come along the waterfronts of the Pacific.



## STRENUOUS TIMES AFTER CIVIL WAR

The dearth of houses and high rentals are not unprecedented; practically the same situation prevailed following the Civil War, according to William Shepard.

"I was then living on the west side of Lafayette Avenue, near Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, and occupied a three-family brick house," said Mr. Shepard. "The rental was \$250 a year. The landlord served warning that because of the high cost of living he would have to raise the rent to \$600 a year. A friend living on Staten Island advised me to move there and where rents were cheaper. This was in 1866. I did so, renting a two and a half-story frame house on St. Paul's Avenue, Tompkinsville, for \$300 a year. But in those days there were no improvements in dwelling houses.

A short time ago I saw the house in Brooklyn where I had lived fifty-four years ago. Aside from the installation of modern improvements it was unchanged. We thought in 1866 that the \$300 I was paying for a year's habitation of the three-story house at Lafayette and Marcy Avenues was a high figure. Before that I had rented three-story brick houses near that spot for \$110 and \$150 a year.

# \$3.50

PANTS

FREE  
SAMPLES



REGULAR \$10.00 PANTS

MADE  
TO YOUR  
MEASURE

Made in any way you like, no extra charges, choice of 25 different goods, worsteds, cassimeres, and chevots, materials you can't equal in \$10 pants. Most astonishing bargain ever heard of, lowest price in the world for the value; fit, quality and satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Shipped delivery charges prepaid. **Samples Free—Send No Money.** Just name and address, and get samples, special measure blank, fashion plates, etc., all free. Equal big values in suits. **Agents Wanted**—you can make \$10.00 a day taking tailoring orders in spare time. Write quick for big sample-book, full information, everything complete and FREE.

**Liberty Tailoring Society** Dept 1499 CHICAGO

### 20th CENTURY MODEL WATCH \$3.25

This 1920 model Men's or Boys' popular 16 size perfect time keeper for only \$3.25. Highly polished thin model silveroid case, open face, stem wind and set, position adjustment, fully tested. This is a real time piece. Guaranteed not to be a clock or rebuilt movement.



**C. O. D.** A written Guarantee with every watch. Present given with each watch. Send no money. Simply pay the postman \$3.25 and the watch and present is yours. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Fine Gold Filled Watch Chain, \$1.00 extra.

**CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO., Dept 220 160 N. Wells St., Chicago**

### OLD COINS WANTED

**\$** \$2 to \$500 EACH paid for Hundreds of Coins dated before 1895. Keep ALL old Money. You may have Coins worth a Large Premium. Send 10c. for new Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x6. Get Posted at Once.

**CLARKE COIN CO., Box 35, Le Roy, N. Y.**



**CORNET FREE**

Genuine Song-o-phone cornet, solid metal, highly polished. Any one can play it. Given for selling 25 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 364, E. Boston, Mass.



### ALL THIS FREE

Gold-plated Lavalliere and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet with 1m. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.

**Columbia Novelty Co.** Dep 466 East Boston, Mass.

**158 Genuine Foreign Stamps — Mexico War** Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemala, China, etc. Only finest approval sheets, 50 to 60%. Agents Wanted. Big 72-p. Lists Free. We Buy Stamps. Estab. 25 yrs. Hussman Stamp Co., Dept. 102 St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE**

Take this rifle free for selling only 25 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Jewelry and Rifle sent prepaid. **EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 365 EAST BOSTON, MASS.**

Go to School at Home!



## HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

## You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

## Can You Qualify for a Better Position

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. **YOU CAN DO IT.**

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

## American School of Correspondence

Dept. H. B.-884, Chicago, U. S. A.

## American School of Correspondence,

Dept. H. B.-884, Chicago, Ill.

I want job checked — tell me how to get it.

.....Architect	\$5,000 to \$15,000	.....Lawyer	\$5,000 to \$15,000
.....Building Contractor	\$5,000 to \$10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000
.....Automobile Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000	.....Shop Superintendent	\$3,000 to \$7,000
.....Automobile Repairman	\$2,500 to \$4,000	.....Employment Manager	\$4,000 to \$10,000
.....Civil Engineer	\$5,000 to \$15,000	.....Steam Engineer	\$2,000 to \$4,000
.....Structural Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000	.....Foreman's Course	\$2,000 to \$4,000
.....Business Manager	\$5,000 to \$15,000	.....Photoplay Writer	\$2,000 to \$10,000
.....Certified Public Accountant	\$7,000 to \$15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer	\$2,000 to \$5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor	\$2,500 to \$7,000	.....Telephone Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer	\$2,500 to \$4,000	.....Telegraph Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Electrical Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000	.....High School Graduate	In two years
.....General Education	In one year	.....Fire Insurance Expert	\$3,000 to \$10,000

Name.....

Address.....



# New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

## HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS HAIR GROWER

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs.

### INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH



Photo when bald.

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

*That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.*

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved. Many men and women, also children, have reported satisfactory results from Kotalko.



From recent photo.

## How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair



For women's hair.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I have been told by experts that often when hair falls out the roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they remain for a time like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle. Kotalko contains those elements of nature which give new vitality to the scalp and hair. To prove the GENUINENESS of Kotalko, I will send the recipe FREE on request. Or I will mail a testing box of Kotalko with the recipe for 10 cents, silver or stamps, if you mention this publication. Satisfy yourself. You want to stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff or cover that bald spot with healthy hair. Get the dime testing box NOW, apply once or twice daily—watch in your mirror! Address:

**JOHN HART BRITTAIN, BN-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.**

### BANISH—Sample Free!

#### TOBACCO HABIT!!

Send No Money

DR. H. WILL ELDERS, Dept. 629 St. Joseph, Mo.

Dr. Elders' Tobacco Boon banishes the injurious and offensive tobacco habit in 3 to 4 days. Easy to take. No craving for tobacco in any form after first few doses. Simply send name for Free Sample and convincing proof.

## FACTORY-TO-RIDER



### SAVES YOU MONEY

Buy direct and save \$10 to \$20 on a bicycle. **RANGER BICYCLES** now come in 44 styles, colors and sizes, greatly improved; prices reduced. **WE DELIVER FREE** to you on approval and 30 days trial, actual riding test.

**EASY PAYMENTS** if desired, at a small advance over our Regular Factory-to-Rider cash prices.

**TIRES**, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at half usual prices.

**Do not buy a bicycle, tires, or sundries until you get our big free Ranger catalog**, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY**  
Dept. G-188 Chicago



### Earn Genuine Watch

**THIN MODEL. Lever Escapement. STEM WIND. STEM SET. Handsome damasked movement, fully guaranteed.**

Regulated to keep perfect time. Not a small clock, but a genuine watch, in size and appearance equal to a \$20 watch.

**SEND NO MONEY.** Just name, and will send you 14 of our new Art Pictures to dispose of at 25c each. Send us the \$3.50 you collect and as a reward we will send you this new thin model, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set watch, just as described, also choice of fob or chain as extra present. Write today. **E. D. LIFE,**  
337 W. Madison St., Dept. 11A16 CHICAGO



### HOW TO MAKE LOVE

(NEW BOOK) Tells how to Get Acquainted; How to Begin Courtship; How to Court a Bashful Girl; to Woo a Widow; to win an Heiress; how to catch a Rich Bachelor; how to manage your beau to make him propose; how to make your fellow or girl love you; what to do before and after the wedding. Tells other things necessary for Lovers to know. Sample copy by mail 10 cents.

**ROYAL BOOK CO., Box 9 So. Norwalk, Conn.**

## SAVING SHIPS AFIRE

Common enough are smoldering fires on board ships. In many cases they are comparatively harmless. They arise mostly from spontaneous combustion caused by piling large quantities of coal in close quarters.

It is said there is not much danger from such a fire; hardly any on an iron or steel ship. The first protective measure is to exclude the air, so that the fire can only smolder. Then the bunker is flooded with water, which usually serves to extinguish the fire.

Even in wooden ships the danger from smoldering fire is not half so great as has been pictured by landmen. This is illustrated by the experience of the captain of the Twin Brothers engaged some years ago in the wheat trade between San Francisco and Liverpool. The vessel was returning from the latter port with a thousand tons of coal in the hold as ballast. Just after she rounded Cape Horn it was discovered that the coal was on fire.

There was a steam pump on board, and after closing the lower hatches the crew flooded the hold until the ship had

(Continued on  
page 31)



## SAVING SHIPS AFIRE

(Continued from  
page 30)

settled about four feet lower in the water. No one was frightened and every one was confident that the ship would be safely brought into port at San Francisco. Call was made at Valparaiso but not a man deserted the ship.

The vessel was seventy-two days in reaching San Francisco from the Horn, and all that time the coal burned, and little streams of smoke could be seen coming through the cracks in the deck. Arriving at San Francisco the Twin Brothers sailed out on the mud flats and was flooded until she settled almost even with her upper deck. This extinguished the fire.

The appearance of the vessel after all this was pretty fair evidence what a ship may survive in the way of fire damage. In a dozen places the bottom had burned through, and all that was between the crew and the deep sea was the thin sheet of copper bottom. The weight of the coal and the pressure of the water kept about equal strain on both sides of the copper sheeting, and it had not broken through, although it was little thick than an ordinary tin pan.

## OH BOYS-GIRLS GREAT SPORT

**THROW YOUR VOICE**



with **CLAXOPHONE**  
under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in school, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policemen, Friends, anybody. This Claxophone is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, always ready for use by anyone. Int. Birds, etc. Claxophone with full instructions also set of Secret Writing Tricks, all for a dime. Coin (no stamps). Address **10c CLAXO TRICK CO., Dept S New Haven, Conn.**

**NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER**  
**"X-RAY" CURIO**



PRICE **12c.** SILVER ONLY. **BIG FUN BOYS** You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. A magic trick novelty FREE with each X Ray.  
**MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 13. NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

## WARNING

In keeping your bowels regular do not become addicted to weakening purgatives or mineral luxatives; just try **KOROLAX**; safe, gentle, wholesome. Best and goes farthest. Obtainable at busy druggists, everywhere. Korolax is relief for many ailments, including constipation, headaches, dizzy spells, belching, gas, heartburn, torpid liver, bad breath, nervousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, obesity, mental and physical dullness.



## FREE TO BOYS

Real Rugby Football. Strong, Serviceable Cover, best Rubber Bladder. FREE for selling 24 packages of Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. No trouble to sell. Write to-day. Send no money. Extra present if you order now.  
**Bingo Co. Dept. 960 Binghamton, N.Y.**



**Lovers' Secrets or Wooing, Winning and Wedding**  
This book tells how to begin courting and how to get over bashfulness. The way to write love letters and how to win a girl's favor. The way to put the question to her and how to make yourself agreeable. You should read this book when committing matrimony. 25c Postpaid

**Ward Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.**

## SORENESS HEALED

Sore or open legs, ulcers, enlarged veins, eczema healed while you work. Write for free book and describe your own case.  
**A. C. Liepe, 1457 Green Bay Av., Milwaukee, Wis.**

## Goitre

Cured at home; worst cases. No pain. No cost if it fails. Successfully used for 13 years. Write for Free Book and testimonials. **GOITRENE COMPANY, 483 West 63rd Street, Chicago.**

## Tobacco Blindness

Although tobacco does not seem to do any harm to some, many are injured by smoking or chewing. One serious form is amaurosis, a nervous blindness. Heart failure, cancer, nervous breakdown, etc., are attributed to tobacco. A book telling how to overcome the addiction of smoking, chewing or snuff using, easily and quickly, will be mailed free by the author, **Edward J. Woods, TE-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.**

## Write the Words for a Song!

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

## BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIO

165-E Fitzgerald Building  
Broadway at Times Sq. NEW YORK, N. Y.

## 21 JEWEL GOLD FILLED WATCH \$9.75

Send No Money

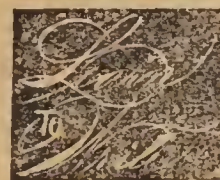


Thin Model

Smashing Low Price

JUST THINK OF IT—a 16 size gold filled or silverline open face Watch, screw bezel. Plain back, or engraved, with a 21 jewel movement, for only \$9.75—exactly half price. Guaranteed for 5 years' wear. Send no money. Just your name and address and this elegant watch will be sent you by parcel-post. When you receive it pay postman \$9.75 and watch is yours. If not satisfactory after five days' trial we will cheerfully refund your money. Write for watch today.

**M. BYRNE & CO., Dept. LD., Chicago, Ill.**



**WONDERFUL NEW DEVICE**  
guides your hand; corrects your writing in a few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. Complete outline FREE. Write C. J. Ozment, Dept. 39 St. Louis Mo.



## Pay for AUTOMOBILE

2 Used **AUTOMOBILE**  
ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN  
All cars overhauled & repainted. Include 10% for special Bargain Bulletin and explanation.

**EUREKA AUTO CO., Rebuilders, Beavertown, Pa.**

## VENTRILOQUISM

Taught Almost Anyone at Home. Small cost. Send to-day 3-cent stamp for particulars and proof. **Geo. W. Smith, Room R-703, 125 N. Jeff Ave., Peoria, Ill.**

## WONDERFUL WIRELESS TELEGRAPH



Two Instruments &

2 Codes, with which you

can Telegraph from house to house without wires. 10 CTS.

**UNIVERSAL CO., DEPT. P Stamford, Conn.**

## BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.



6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage.  
**ROYAL SALES CO., Box 20, South Norwalk, Conn.**



## THE TURTLE'S NEST.

One day in early summer a lady living in western Maine noticed a turtle acting strangely in her garden. Going out to it she found it had laid a dozen or more eggs under a bit of bank and was covering them with sand. Though the sand about the nest was packed hard the old turtle would work a quantity loose with her claws; then with her hind feet she would push it carefully over the eggs. When they were completely covered she departed to a stream at the foot of the garden. She had chosen the spot well, for overhanging turf effectually protected the eggs from harm by weather or by the feet of passersby.

A guest to whom the secret of the nest was revealed was much interested in it, and before leaving he exacted a promise that he should be told when the eggs hatched. Meanwhile, he asked various persons how long turtle's eggs usually incubated, but got no satisfactory answer.

On September 8, exactly three months after the turtle laid the eggs, the guest came again. Learning that the eggs had not hatched, he concluded they must have spoiled. Removing a portion of the earth from the nest, he broke one of the eggs, which were about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, light, colored and encased in a covering similar to that of a soft shelled hen's egg. He found a live turtle, but it was not fully developed and lived only a few days.

On November 12 the guest returned to his home, after an absence of a few days, and found a small package in his mail. It contained a live turtle with a shell about the size of a silver quarter. The little fellow had been in the package three days. The eggs, a note explained, had hatched at last, and all the young turtles, except the one in the package, had made their way to the nearby brook as soon as they were safely out of the shell. The period of incubation was a little more than five months.

The lively little captive flourished in a vessel of water provided with an islet of rock and moss. It ate fish, either raw or cooked, and any sort of table scrap. But invariably it took the bits of food below the surface of the water before eating them.

## PLUCK AND LUCK

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 1147 Jack Lever, the Young Engineer of "Old Forty"; or, On Time With the Night Express.
- 1148 Out With Peary; or, In Search of the North Pole.
- 1149 The Boy Prairie Courier; or, General Custer's Youngest Aide.
- 1150 Led Astray in New York; or, A Country Boy's Career in a Great City.
- 1151 Sharpshooter Sam, the Yankee Boy Sam; or, Winning His Shoulder Straps.
- 1152 Tom Train, the Boy Fireman of the Fast Express; or, Always at His Post.
- 1153 We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan.
- 1154 Jack Izzard, the Yankee Middy. (A Story of the War With Tripoli.)
- 1155 The Senator's Boy; or, The Early Struggles of a Great Statesman.
- 1156 Kit Carson on a Mysterious Trail; or, Branded a Renegade.
- 1157 The Lively Eight Social Club; or, From Cider to Rum.
- 1158 The Dandy of the School; or, The Boys of Bay Cliff.
- 1159 Out in the Streets; A Story of High and Low Life in New York.
- 1160 Captain Ray, the Young Leader of the Forlorn Hope.
- 1161 "3"; or, The Ten Treasure Houses of the Tartar King.
- 1162 Railroad Rob; or, The Train Wreckers of the West.
- 1163 A Millionaire at 18; or, The American Boy Croesus.
- 1164 The Seven White Bears; or, The Band of Fate.
- 1165 Shamus O'Brien; or, The Bold Boy of Glingall.
- 1166 The Skeleton Scout; or, The Dread Rider of the Plains.
- 1167 "Merry Matt"; or, The Will o' the Wisp of Wine.
- 1168 The Boy With the Steel Mask; or, A Face That Was Never Seen.
- 1169 Clear the Track Tom; or, The Youngest Engineer on the Road.
- 1170 Gallant Jack Barry; or, the Young Father of the American Navy.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 West 23d St., New York.

## OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

No. 21. **HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with description of game and fish.

No. 22. **HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.**—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals.

No. 23. **HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 24. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full instructions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 25. **HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald.

No. 26. **HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 28. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, or 3 for 25c., in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Pub., 168 West 23d St., New York.

## SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

By JAMES P. COGAN

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing, from the most elemental to the most advanced principles. This treatise covers everything a person must know in order to make money as a successful scenario writer. For sale by all News-dealers and Book-Stores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address

L. SENARENS, 219 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.